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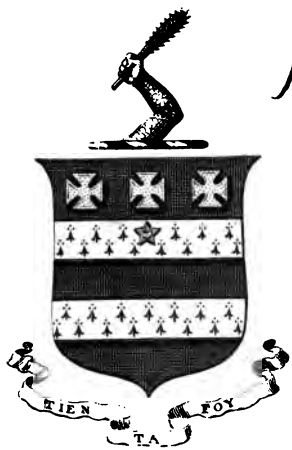
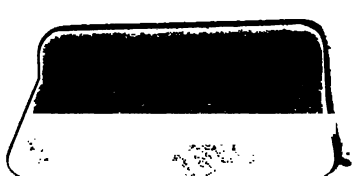


BATHURST

of Lydney Park.



LATIN

AND

ENGLISH

POEMS.

By a Gentleman of *Trinity* College, *Oxford.*

Nec Luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere Ludum.

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for C. BATHURST, over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet.* M DCC XLI.

280. n. 421.

TO THE

AUTHOR

Of the following

POEMS.

TO ſpeak of Merit in Impartial Lays,
And without Flattery a Friend to praiſe,
r this the Muſe ſhall ſtrike the Vocal Lyre,
d ſing in Numbers which Thy Works inſpire,
bo feels your Sorrow with a Sigh ſincere,
d 'ſpite of Reſolution drops a Tear.
o' clouded, like the Sun, thy Genius ſhines
ro' Fortune's Miſt in Bright Immortal Lines,
ke Martyrs from Affliction ſtronger grows,
r drooping ſinks beneath a Weight of Woes:

Not ſo cou'd OVID *in His Exile write;*
The Heart-felt Anguiſh check'd His Tow'ring Flight;
His Theme no longer was the Blooming Fair,
But ſung in dying Notes His own Deſpair.
When modern ſing-ſong Panegyrick Bards,
Whom CIBBER *praiſes, and the Court rewards,*
In dark Oblivion ſhall forgotten lie,
Except preſerv'd by Chance beneath a Pye,
With Rapture ſhall Poſterity rehearſe
To their admiring Sons Thy laſting Verſe.

Since HORACE *flouriſh'd in* AUGUSTUS' *Court,*
(For Men of Wit and Taſte the Gay Reſort)
None but the Britiſh *Bards with Eaſe could ſing,*
Or touch with Equal Skill the Roman *String;*
From their rude Hands the Lyre dropp'd idely down,
Becauſe they were not Lineal to the Throne.

Tho'

Tho' STEPHENS' Muſe in Humble Metre flows,
And warbles Numbers near ally'd to Proſe,
Thy Genius gives a Luſtre to His Rhimes,
And ſuch a Bard may live to Future Times.
So modern B—ſh—ps by Tranſlation thrive,
And Drones receive the Labours of the Hive.

Had Fortune ſhone with an Auſpicious Ray,
And gilded with Her Beams Thy Natal Day,
The World had loſt the Labours of thy Brain,
And PHOEBUS had Inſpir'd Thy Breaſt in vain;
But now what Glory will reward thy Toil,
If when the Goddeſs frown the Muſes ſmile?
And ſure that is the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Fame
Which riſes from your own, not Father's Name.

London,
April 21, 1738.

The

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LATIN

LATIN and ENGLISH

POEMS.

B

SHUNAMITIS

POEMA

STEPHANI DUCK

Latine redditum.

VOS, ô cœleſtes Muſæ, aſpirate canenti,
Nam veſtrum eſt cœleſte melos; Rex maxime Cœli
Invoco præcipue; venias in vota ſecundus
O Deus, & tangas divino flamine pectus
Umbroſum ſeu te Carmel, ſacrive fluentum
Jordani tenet, huc adſis, numeriſque vigorem
Sufficias,

Sufficias, dum me laudes tibi dicere læto
Accîngam cantu, moveaſque Rebellia cordà
Hacidûm, ut memori condant ſub pectore voces.

Talibus orabat dictis Shunamia mater;
Undique Judæi proceres, populique frequentes
Agglomerant; tum mentem inflata, & numine plena
Sic canere incepit: vos, ô Abrâmia proles,
Arrectas adhibete aures; laudare Jehovam
Mens jubet, atque Dei miracula ferre per orbem:
Cum Conſorte tori multos feliciter annos
Exegi, Domino lectiſſima munera cœli
Non parcâ fundente manu, ſemperque patebat
Externis domus Hoſpitium, ſolamen Egenis.
Virtutem ſuadens, divinaque juſſa capeſſens
Has olim terras celebravit Eliſha, Lareſque
Non ſemel ad noſtros venit gratiſſimus Hoſpes;
Ille quidem titulos, & quæ fert gratia regum
Obtulit haud animi ingratus, ſed non ego tali

Mens

Mente utens, dixi, O vates, Deus optimus almam
Conceſſit terram, quâ pleno Copia manat
Flumine; quod ſatis eſt fruimur, non plura rogamus;
Accedant Regum turres & Martia caſtra
Queîs levis ambitio, fugitivaque gloria cordi eſt,
Aurea ſollicitæ tentent & vincula pompæ;
Me ducit natale ſolum, quo degere vitam
Stat mihi, nec lucro placidam mutare quietem;
Hic etenim nudus veſtes, feſſuſque viator
Inveniat requiem, hoc vano prælucet honori
Qui tegit internos luctus, fucatque dolores.
Purpureo Satrapas decorant Inſignia cultu,
Et ſplendore rudis perſtringunt lumina vulgi,
Sed rarò pullæ diſpergunt nubila curæ.

Progenie exceptâ, Cœlum dulciſſima vitæ
Præbuerat; quod cum Vatis pervenit ad aures,
Me vocat; ut veni, tollit ſe ſede propheta,
Nec tum eadem facies, nec vox, nec forma loquenti:

(Delphicus haud quali vultus feritate Sacerdos
Apparet, rabidum ſtimulat cum pectus Apollo,
Edit & inſani figmenta Oracula ſenſus;)
Mortali at pluſquam faciès ſuffuſa decore
Effulſit, cœleſte jubar radiavit in ore
Dicentis; ſalve mulier cariſſima Cœlo!
Non latuere Deum virtutes, præmia ſolvet
Digna, dabitque utero ſterili producere natum.
Sic vates; & mox jucundo pondere ſenſim
Intumuit venter, promiſſam enixaque prolem
Lætabar; ſubito volitabat fama per urbes
Vicinas; puerum extemplo venêre gregatim
Spectatum affines; placidis cum vocibus omnes
Gaudia fudiſſent, grato ſic ore canebam:

O Cœli Genitor, numeros quis laudibus æquos
Inveniat? Quis fando dei miracula pandat?
Te Domino mandante, liqueſcet ſaxea rupes
In glebam, & croceis prægnans flavebit ariſtis.

Aurea deſertum decorabit Copia, lætis
Ridebunt uvis Arabumque inculta locorum.

Talia dicentem populi clamore ſecundo
Sic interpellant, & complent murmure cœlum:
O Deus Omnipotens! quàm vaſta potentia regni eſt
Confeſſi, nomen ſancto laudamus honore.
Cuncta tuo parent ſceptro, naturaque juſſis
Auſcultans, linquit ſoliti veſtigia curſus.
Nos tibi pro tali grates perſolvere dignas
Munere conamur, præſens hic annue votis,
Ut vires puero, ſic creſcant gaudia matri:
Natali porro vates qui præfuit horæ
Conſiliis animum vitæ per lubrica ducat;
Et vos, aligeri ſolium cœleſte miniſtri
Stipantes, tenerâ virtutis ſemina mente
Spargite, dumque hauſtu vitalis veſcitur auræ,

Præſidio

Præſidio munite, & cum mors occupat artus,
Tunc efferte—— manum hic movit matrona, ſilenti
Morigeri juſſo cuncti tacuere, futuris
Vocibus intenti, quas mœſto hæc edidit ore:

Mortales miſeri! tantùm imperfecta ſupremis
Gaudia libamus labris, & nubila luctûs
Lætitiæ imbelles radios ferrugine tingunt:
Antè revolventes quam bis ſeptem egerat annos
Progenies (adeo brevis eſt & ſumma voluptas)
Viſendi ſtudio correpta exivit in arva
Meſſores, & flaventes longo ordine faſces
Erectos, oculiſque arriſit lutea ſcena;
Sed jubar aut Phœbus nimiùm vibravit acutum,
Aut inimica aura, aut ſubiti coiêre dolores
Maturare necem; pater ô! ſuccurre dolenti
Dixit, at incaſſum; penitus vigor artubus ægris
Languit, & roſei vultum liquere colores.

Tanti fama mali noſtras cito pertigit aures,
Atque aderat ſubito moribunda in limine proles;
Indulgens ivi collo dare brachia circum;
Quid puerum cruciat dixi? gemitu ille profundo
Reſpondit, vox & morienti faucibus hæſit.
Tentavi mœrens rabiem lenire dolendi,
Tentavi fruſtra; quatit æger anhelitus artus
Pallentes, Fati inſtantis certiſſimus Index:
Illico frigebant vitalia flumina venis,
Nutavitque æger lethali pondere vertex;
Ter conatus erat gremio ſe attollere, & impos
Ter cecidit, gemitu vitamque amiſit in auras.
Non aliter quàm cum tenerâ radice colonus
Nutrivit vitem, ramos docileſque plicavit,
Sithoniumve gelu, vel mordet noxius Eurî
Surgentem flatus, vani pereuntque labores.

Frigeſcens horrore ſtati, perque ima cucurrit
Oſſa tremor; lacrymas fuderunt lumina, & imbre
Continuo maduere genæ; vix corde dolorem
Suſtinui; demum ſed lingua ſilentia rupit,
Et triſti querulas emiſi pectore voces:

O quàm mortales animos incerta voluptas
Deliciis brevibus mulcet, fugit inde caduca,
Par vacuæ nubi, volucrique ſimillima vento!
Nil autem lugere juvat, non vita redibit
In gelidum corpus, pulcroque cadaveri eundum eſt
In noctem æternam, & tenebroſæ viſcera terræ.
Sed culpare Deum, fatoque edicere leges
Non noſtrum eſt; miro próles fuit edita partu,
Nec magè ſit mirandum, animet ſi ſpiritus aureæ
Exſangues artus, ſedem repetatque priorem.
Si properem ad Carmel, forſan lenimen amaris
Accedat curis; vatis valuere potentes

Fœcundæ

Fœcundare preces ſterilem, votiſque favente
Numine, diſſolvat frigentia vincula mortis.
Tiſhbites viduæ Natum revocavit ab umbris;
Nec Famam eſt Factis ſortitus Eliſha minorem:
Jordani rapidum pallâ cum venit ad amnem
Percuſſit fluctus, hinc atque hinc flumina currunt
Diviſa, & liquidis ſtipant veſtigia muris.
Per multas meſſes tellus Jerichoa colonis
Haud æqua aſſiduis herbas produxit inertes;
Sed mandante illo flavis ridebat ariſtis,
Peſtiferi fontes undaſque dedere ſalubres.
Dilectum cœlo vatem non dulcia ſola,
Aſt & acerba manent penès, ingentemque procacis
Ultorem linguæ ſenſit Bethelia Pubes.
Prætereâ, quando Moabitæ fœdera turmæ
Fregêre, & fruſtra coiêre rebellibus armis
Iſacidûm turbare manus, in bella Cohortes
Duxit Idumeæ * Princeps deſerta per oras;

* Jehoram.

Quà

Quà non arentem mulcebant aêra venti,
Nec puri ſiccis manabant fontibus amnes;
Oppreſſit ſitis ægra duces, ſociæque Phalanges
Defecêre animis, a Te tum, magne propheta,
Auxilium petiêre Duces, nec inane petebant:
Namque ubi juſſiſti, tellus humebat obortis
Fluminibus, campique liquens ſolvuntur in æquor;
Non major tellurem uſtam rorarit aquarum
Copia, cum ſaxa Amramides mollivit in undas.
Quemve unquam fugiet facinus mirabile factu,
Multiplicando oleum viduæ cum debita ſolvit?
Talia qui fecit (votis modò Conditor orbis
Annuat,) exanimi det morte reſurgere nato.

Sic fata, impoſui puerum malè mœſta cubili
Quo vates dormire ſolet, juſſique parari
Quadrupedem; at triſtis conjux abrumpere fruſtra
Propoſitum tentabat iter, dictiſque monebat:

Non Deus æthereo vatis nunc flamine tangit
Pectora, neve illi eſt arcana recludere fati;
Cui ſic reſpondi: cur ſpem compeſcere quæris
Surgentem? Vulgi ritus, & vana dierum
Nomina non mihi ſunt curæ, Deus Optimus illi
Semper adeſt, precibuſque benignas exhibet aures;
Hæc ubi dicta dedi, frænis per plana viarum
Laxatis properavit Equus, Paſſuque citato
Deveni terram celſo quà vertice Carmel
Surgit, odorato recreatque cacumine cœlum;
Qua vitis placidam ramis contexuit umbram,
Conſedit Vates; Zephyri luſêre tepentes
Per nemus, & leni frondes movêre ſuſurro.
Procubui prona ante pedes, tremulâque prehendens
Genua manu, plenas effudi luctui habenas:

Materno dixit parce indulgere dolori,
Non lacrymæ poſſunt fati mutare tenorem;

Accendit Deus, aut extinguit lampada vitæ
Ad libitum; mandare ſuum, ſuccumbere noſtrum eſt;
Vult omnes Natura mori; certa urna paratur
Omnibus, & mors non pœna eſt, niſi talis habetur.
Noſtra tamen magnum ſi tangant vota Tonantem,
Ipſa reguſtabis redivivo gaudia nato.
Sic ait, & baculo defigit lumina, ſervum
Ad ſe deinde vocat; dixitque, hoc leniter ora
Pone ſuper pueri, juſſum ille exêgit herile.

O noſtræ, inclamo, ſpes certa & ſola ſalutis!
Da mihi te facilem; non fas eſt credere ſervo
Tantæ molis opus: ſi tu mecum ire recuſes,
Auritas mœſto vites clamore movebo,
Et natum plorans, & triſtia pectora plangens
Vocales luctum montes reſonare docebo.
Plura fui dictura, dolor ſed verba repreſſit;
At lacrymæ & gemitus habuêrunt pondera vocis.

Motu

Motus erat tandem queſtu, ſedemque virentem
Liquit, & aëri deſcendit vertice montis
Ad Shunam tendens, propero via longaque curſu
Correpta optatas oculis mox obtulit arces;
Ad portam nobis ſeſe dedit obvius altam
Regrediens ſervus: pallentes plumbeus artus
Mortis adhùc pueri tenuit ſopor, intima donec
Fatidicus miſeri intravit penetralia tecti.

Multa animò volvens juxta ſtetit ille cadaver,
Lugenteſque ſeorſum excedere juſſit amicos;
Deinde preces fundens afflavit lumine caſſum
Corpus, & extemplo diſtendit flamine venas
Purpureo ſanguis, vitalem membra vigorem
Senſerunt, victum ceſſitque ignobile lethum.
Sic cædi invigilans balantis ab ubere matris
Quando agnum lupus eripuit, ferus ore cruento
Dilacerat; ſed ſi venientem forſitan audit

 Paſtorem,

Paſtorem, indignans, tamen actus linquere prædam,
Præcipitatque fugam, completque ululatibus agros.

Nunc vates cupidis dat natum amplectier ulnis,
Cui mage purpureo vultus rubuêre colore,
Atque oculi pluſquàm ſolito fulgore micabant.
Non aliter quàm cùm Phœbus, fulgente coruſcum
Qui vehit axe diem, tegitur caliginis umbrâ;
Cum primo auricomum tenebris caput exerit atris
Splendidius vibrat jubar, aut vibrare videtur.

Definit hic matrona loqui, numeroſaque turba
Reſpondens junctis ſic claudit vocibus hymnum:
Armipotens Deus! Imperii quàm dirigis æquâ
Fræna manu, vitamque viris vel funera miſces!
Te globus immenſus Terræ, te lucida ſummi
Regna poli agnoſcunt Dominum; tuque inclyte mund
Sol Decus ætherei, qui comples lumine cœlum,

Re

Redde Deo laudes, cum gurgite ſurgis Eoo,
Heſperio & rutilos cum mergis in æquore currus.
Tu noctis Regina argentea Luna, minores
Voſque Ignes qui luce aſpergitis aëris amplos
Cærulei tractus, vos O campique liquentes
Marmoris æquorei, Regem laudate Jehovam,
Horrida flammanti torquentem fulmina dextrâ.
Vos fontes, amnes vitrei, & vaga flumina curſus
Finditis ut liquidos, meritas perſolvite laudes.
Vos omnes, denſæ nebulæ pluviique vapores
Surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.
At vos, Iſacidæ, pleno qui ducitis hauſtu
Dulcia dona Dei, & toties miracula magna
Vidiſtis, celebrate perenni nomen honore.

PARS TERTII CAPITIS Prophetæ HABBAKUK.

FUlgore cinctus terribili Deus
Teman relinquens, & Pâran arduum,
Complevit orbem dignitate
Et liquidi ſpatia ampla cœli;

Mors multiformis prævolat, & lues
Horrenda, morborum agmine lurido
Stipatus incedit; voraces
Sub pedibus glomerantur ignes.

Emenſus orbem luminibus, gravem
Mundi timorem gentibus incutit:
In plana ſubſedêre colles,
Et refugi tremuêre montes.

Magno

Magno feroces Æthiopas metu
Vidi paventes; vidi ego territos
Orbes remotos, & trementem
Horrisono Midian tumultu.

Vidêre Rivi Te pavidi; juga
Vidêre Te, Te flumina, & intimis
Terrore perculsi cavernis
Æquorei gemuêre fluctus.

Caliginosâ nocte premit polum;
Sistit fugaces Sol pavitans equos,
Nec triste pallens Luna curat
Noctivagos agitare cursus.

Sensêre Gentes quid Deus impiæ
Possit Jacobi: terribilem quatit
Hastam, feruntur dum sagittæ
Lethiferis per inane pennis.

Fluenta curſu præcipiti retrò
Volvêre fluctus ; attonitus petit
Jordanus urnam, dum triumphans
Per trepidas equitavit undas.

Tantæ ruinæ dum Sonitus minax
Perſtringit aures, faucibus obruta
Vox hæret, imas & pavores
Horrifici penetrant medullas.

Si terra fructus edere deſinat,
Natura languens ſi pereat, canam
Te Principem terræ, Jehovah,
Te ſuperi Dominumque cœli.

Ad Amicum.

CAROLE, diſpeream ſi ſit mihi gratior ullâ
Litera, quam veſtrâ charta notata manu;
Quò magè perlegi, magè delectavit ocellos;
Sed te plus nimio conqueror eſſe brevem;
Copia verborum multò jucundior eſſet,
O malè deliciis invidioſe meis!
Triſtia ſi quæras cur ſint mihi carmina cordi;
Conveniunt ſorti carmina mæſta meæ.
Qualis in Exilium Romanis actus ab oris
Flebilibus luſit Naſo poëta modis,
Qualiter aut flevit crudelem queſtus amicam,
Fugit ut amplexus dura Corinna ſuos;

Eugu-

Lugubris abſentes ſic plorat Muſa ſodales,
Sic trahit infauſtam tardior hora diem;
Non aures mulcent arguti ad vina lepores,
Non jacet in cupido blandula nympha ſinu;
Hinc curæ accedunt, hinc ſurgit origo doloris;
At noſtri ſupereſt altera cauſa mali:
Annua vicini celebrabant feſta coloni,
Ornabat dubias ruſtica pompa dapes;
Ruricolæ venêre viri, venêre puellæ,
Edidit & gracilem tibia fiata ſonum.
Unica de multis perſtrinxit lumina nymphis,
Me mihi purpureæ ſurripuêre genæ;
Qualiter umbroſis incedit montibus Hæmi
Virgineo Dryadum Delia cincta choro,
Laſcivis præbet veſtem diffundere ventis,
Ludunt ambroſiæ colla per alba comæ.
Haud ſecus hæc motu nymphas ſuperéminet omnes,
Et roſeo placidam ſpirat ab ore necem.

Fervèbant Paphiâ concurrere membra palæstrâ,
Ossa repentinus tangit & ima calor;
Dixi blanditias, dixi molliſſima verba,
Sed manet irato ſurdior Illa mari;
O! ſi caſta minùs, minùs aut formoſa fuiſſet,
Spreviſſem Cyprii ſpicula vana Dei.
Ut pellam curas, & fallam tædia vitæ
Jam propero Aonias ſollicitare Deas.
Quid facis, infœlix? pergis dare vela procellis?
Adverſis demens fluctibus ire paras?
Incaſſum tentas diſpergere nubila ſortis,
Tanto erit haud præſens muſa medela malo.
Stamine quàm nigro ducunt mea fila ſorores!
Hei mihi, quàm miſero vita tenore fluit!
Oxonium peterem, ſed Tonſor, Sartor, & Hoſpes
Nomina ſunt ipſo penè timenda ſono.
Tu fieres longi, cariſſime, meta doloris,
Aſpera ſed mihi te, me tibi fata negant.

Non

Non ſemper nutilos obſcurant nubila cœlos,
Non ſemper tumidis volvitur æquor aquis,
Haud aliter mutet vultus fortuna ſeveros,
Et veniat votis mollior aura meis.
Sed donec mihi te reddat felicior hora,
Hinc eat & redeat mutua charta. Vale.

ı JOANNEM G——S—NUM, Equitem.

) Ellicum, *G——ſ—ne*, animoſus hoſtis,
Per minus caſtas Druriæ tabernas
nis incedens abeas Dionæ
Æquus Alumnis.

ıper (ah dictu miſerum!) *Olivera*
:vit ereptas viduata mæchas,
ıas tuum vidit genibus minores
Ante tribunal.

ıre, cur tantâ in Veneris miniſtras
ſtuas ira? poſito furore
ıc ades, multâ & prece te vocantem
Gratior audi!

ınne ſat mæchas malè feriatas
get infeſtis fera ſors procellis?

Adderis quid tu ulterior puellis

Cauſa do

Incolunt eheu ! thalamos ſupernos,
Nota quæ ſedes fuerat Poëtis ;
Nec domum argento gravis ut ſolebat

Dextra re

Nympha quæ nuper nituit theatro
Nunc ſtat obſcuro miſera angiportu,
Supplici vellens tunicam rogatque

Voce Ly

Te voco rebus Druriæ ruentis ;
Voce communi Britonum Juventus
Te vocat, nunc ô ! dare te benignum

Incipe

Singulum tunc dona feret lupanar :
Liberum mittet *Roſa* Luſitanum,

llici *Haywarda* & generoſa mittet

Munera Bacchi ;

e te forſan moveat libido,
dis pellex requieſcet ulnis
lida effætas renovare lento

Verbere vires.

Ad Amicum.

QUÆ potior ſanus tibi, *Carole*, mitto ſalutem;
Sed præter ſolitum te tacuiſſe queror:
Cynthia decrevit, lucemque coegit in orbem,
Nec venit ad noſtras litera lenta manus.
Quæ legis ex illis ſcribo, cariſſime, campis
Quos * *Ninus* placidis lambit amænus aquis.
Aſpice ut Autumnus ridentem temperat annum
Effundens pleno munera larga ſinu;
Mitior æſtivâ, brumali mitior aurâ,
Ut nimis hæc friget, ſic nimis illa calet.
Luxuriat roſeis vindemia læta racemis,
Nectareoque tumet penſilis uva mero.
Tempora maturant fructus, & poma coloni
Frugiferæ carpunt aurea dona Deæ.

* Fluvius in comitatu Northampt.

Agri-

Agricolæ dociles ducunt ad aratra juvencos,
Et dant fœcundo ſemina flava ſolo.
Phœbus ut exoriens perfundit lumine cœlum
Venator volucres cogit in arva canes.
Piſcibus inſidior vitrei ſtans margine rivi,
Dum lenis tremulo murmurat aura ſono.
Grandia Mœonii miror modo carmina Cygni,
Ut ſtruxit proprium perfida Troja rogum;
Ardenteſque duces, & pingues ſanguine campos,
Et video hoſtiles bella movere Deos.
Quem non mellitæ tangit facundia linguæ
Dum ciet Argolicas Neſtor ad arma manus?
Quantus Achilleis fulget Patroclus in armis
Dum vibrat Lycio tela tremenda duci!
Pars nulla immenſi ridet mihi gratior orbis,
Non habet angellum terra Britanna parem;
O Cereri & Baccho tellus cariſſima! fruges
Prodigus haud parcâ ſpargit uterque manu:

Optima Campano non cedit vitis Iacchò,
Certat & Heſperio nobilis Alla mero.
Hæc plaga formoſis ſplendet ditiſſima nymphis,
Et ſuperat Paphiæ regna beata Deæ;
Singula quot nitidis exultat villa puellis!
Quàm patet in noſtros Area lata modos!
Gaudia quantumvis mihi fundere rura videntur,
Delicii ſine te debilis umbra manet.
Quando erit ut videam caros dilecte ſodales?
O mihi Theſeâ pectora juncta fide!
Optatum ad portum me mollior aura reducet,
Et ſpero facîles in mea vota Deos;
Sed nunc mandato claudetur Epiſtola parvo:
Sis noſtri memor, ut ſum memor Ipſe Tui.

Ad GALLUM.

SI nimis longùm tacui, Sodalis
Care, concedas veniam roganti,
Perlegas vultuque parùm ſevero
Carmen amici.

Ore ſeu fumum placidum Tabacci
Accipis, reddiſque, humilis vel Allæ
Aridas frondes Logicæ rigantis
Pocula ſumis,

Linque ſi poſſis tubulum ſcyphumque,
Linque ſi poſſis comites jocoſos,
Et vaca paulùm metricâ ligatis
Compede nugis.

Ruſtici

Ruſtici nuper (quod ad umbilicum
Duxerant meſſem) Cereri litabant,
Sedula & lautis epulis parabat
Villica menſas;

Captus agreſtis novitate moris
Ad dapes veni dubias vocatus,
Ebibique Allæ calices biennis
Lege ſolutos.

Armiger Zytho riguus potenti
Ructibus voces mutilat, jocoſque
Amputans, laſſas ſtolido cachinno
Vulnerat aures;

Majus haud monſtrum generatur Illo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum,
Plumbeo cui præ catulis equiſque
Omnia ſordent.

Sicco abhinc fluxit mihi vita curſu:
Tu rigas plenis Cyathis amicos,
Blandulâ aut quæris vacuus puellâ
Fallere noctem.

Sobrio

Sobrio & præter ſolitum pudico
Machinâ mî non opus eſt amicâ,
Horreo nec quos maleſana ſparget
Nympha calores.

Pellice & vino careo; ſed uſus
Iſta me ferre edocuit, jubetque
Gaudio ſolari animum priori,
Speque futuri.

Ad Amicum cum Joannis Secundi Operibus.

Carmina quæ lusit plectro leviore *Secundus*
Exiguum nostri pignus amoris habe;
Lumine percurras facili quem Zoilus Ipse
Vix neget antiquis vatibus esse parem;
In quo Nasonis redivivi Musa resurgit
Pandit ut Idaliæ mystica sacra Deæ;
Phœbeos, Cyprioque ambo sensêre calores,
Deperiêre pares, & cecinêre pares;
Julia succendit natum Sulmone poëtam,
Torruit Hagensem Julia pulcra virum;
Belgica Romanæ non cedit Julia nymphæ,
Nec cedis vati, dive Secunde, suo.
Julia digna tuis, etiamque indigna Camænis,
Julia candidior, frigidiorque nive!

Quis

Quis non afficitur, cui non eſt cauſa dolendi,
Cum jacet alterius dura puella ſinu?
Quis tamen afficitur, vel cui ſit cauſa dolendi,
Sævitiæ relegit dum monimenta ſuæ?
Candida mox viſit juvenem Venerilla poëtam
Languidulis oculis, aureoliſque comis;
Omnibus in veſtras placuerunt cărmina laudes,
Cur tibi cui voluit non, Venerilla, placent?
Salvete æternum Dominæ ſacrata Neæræ.
Baſia, Acidalii numine plena Dei!
Baſia, perfuſi Cythereo nectare verſus!
Baſia vel Cypriæ digna placere Deæ!
Incedis Paphiâ religatus tempora myrto,
Et colis Elyſias, Umbra beata, plagas;
Ecce! tibi vates aſſurgunt, Naſo, Tibullus,
Et Flaccus Lyrici gloria magna Chori.
Te ſocium accipiunt, videórque audire catervâm
Unanimi tales edere voce ſonos:

Hic vir hic eſt carus Phœbo, Veneriſque ſacerdos,
Qui cecinit Gnidiæ baſia dona Deæ;
O felix Juvenis; cape præmia carmine digna,
Siſque inter Vates primus, ut illa Deas.

Ad Sextum.

DIVA laſcivi genetrix amoris
Druriam liquit modò multùm amatam,
Et *Coventino* propiore curâ
Præſidet Horto;

Liquit *Howardæ* thalamum protervæ,
Talbotæ liquit penetrale tecti,
Seque jam *Coxæ* Venus in decoram
Tranſtulit ædem;

Regnat hìc luxu inſolito, hìc ruinæ
Confluit pubes ſtudioſa, mœchi
Hìc eunt crebri redeuntque, & odit
Janua limen.

Clarior clarâ meretrix Philippâ
Sub jugum victas juvenum catervas
Misit, & scortis agit invidendum
Coxa triumphum;

Fausta præ cunctis, cupidis virentes
Quam fovent ulnis Juvenes: senilis
Graya dum Civis ciet impotentem
Verbere penem.

Fisa sed cœlo & Zephyro secundo
Latiùs vela haud metuens procellæ
Explicat, sperat placidumque semper
Credula pontum;

Mox frement venti, exitioque fœti
Ingruent fluctus, scopuli patebunt
Abditi, & mergent fragilem æstuosa
Æquora puppim.

Gilla

Gilla venalis ſtat in angiportu;
Brookia Hawardæ celebrat culinam
Nocte pertendens riguis Iaccho
Retia mœchis.

Hooper obſcœnas pedes it tabernas;
Dura paupertas malè *Morriſonas*
Opprimit, mœchas ſub inauſpicato
Sydere natas.

Brewniæ ſplendorem hebetavit ætas;
Carleſis turpis macies decentem
Occupat vultum, parilem dabitque
Cuæ ruinam.

Integram ſerva ante alias amatam
Sylviam, & famam vigili tuêre
Numine, huic primo, Venus, huic ſupremo
Annue Voto!

Præbeas ſi te facilem vocanti
Te colam, Diva, aſſiduus, ſequarque
Te metûs expers, & inibo veſtra
Prælia inermis.

Irritas ſed quid juvat obſeratis
Auribus futire preces? ſubibit
Pellicis (ſera ah ſubeat!) dolendam
Sylvia ſortem.

Cum nihil certi ſtabiliſve Parcæ
Invidæ humanæ tribuêre genti,
Expedit Divum colere explicatâ
Fronte Lyæum.

Hanc mihi normam poſuiſti, in hâc te
Aſſequar, dilecte, libens, tuoque
Eluam exemplo tetricas Oportæ
Æquore curas.

Ad Sextum.

QUalis Threïcias exul damnatus ad oras,
Vel riget æterno quà Nova Zembla gelu,
Innectit cauſaſque moræ, lacrymiſque rigatus
Enumerat liquidæ tædia longa viæ,
Dumque ratis vehitur ſpatioſa per æquora ponti,
Reſpicit ad patrii littora cara ſoli;
Tendebam tali depreſſus pectora luctu
Ad loca deliciis invidioſa meis,
Qua non purpurei delectant munera Bacchi,
Qua non Idaliæ dulcia dona Deæ.
Tunc animum abſentes ſocii ſubiêre, meroque
Irrigui riſus, ambiguique ſales,
Et ſemper faciles in amoris furta puellæ,
Et Lunæ ſigno conſpicienda domus;

Mox ruit in mentem qualis ſeſe ore ferebat
Sylvia, dum jacui captus amore ſinu,
Brachia dum circumque dedi, venereſque pererrat.
Fixi molliculis oſcula mille genis,
Qui titillantes repſêre per oſſa calores
Mentula dum gratum cœpit amoris opus!
Gaudia dum placido jacui languore ſolutus,
Fingere vix animus, pingere Muſa nequit.
Sylvia, druricolas inter pulcherrima nymphas!
Sylvia laſcivi gloria prima chori!
Quando iterum tepidos liceat penetrare receſſus?
Quando iterum roſeo baſia ab ore bibam?
Baſia quæ gelidam poterint renovare ſenectam!
Baſia amatori digna placere Jovi!
Quid mihi ſi teneat Civem *Bartona* catenis
In coitu crebras docta movere nates?
Quid mihi ſi laſcivâ *Antonia* polleat arte,
Calleat & Venerem ſollicitare manu?

Non

Non mihi ſunt cordi—— me *Sylvia* ſola perurit
Languidulis oculis, lacteoloque ſinu.
Excitat, & noſtras potis eſt reſtinguere flammas,
Et Penî vires Illa dat, Illa rapit.
Nunc mala ſors fauſtis nimis, ah! nimis invida rebus
Me gremio avulſit, *Sylvia* pulcra, tuo;
Quàm malè ſuſtinui diſcedens dicere longùm
Cara vale, longùm *Sylvia* cara vale!
Conjuge vix gemuit curis propioribus Orpheus
Raptâ iterum ad Stygii lurida regna Dei.
Innumeri luctus tardant mihi temporis alas,
Et mentem nigro pondere cura premit.
Rure morans quid agam? latet alto pectore vulnus;
Naſcitur haud noſtris rure medela malis;
Hiç uno repenti & eodem tramite ſurgit
Nil veniente die, nil abeunte, novi.
Diverſo longe properant tibi tempora curſu,
Singula delicias exhibet hora novas:

Nocte

Nocte *Roſam* celebras hilari comitante catervâ,
Et te das ſociis, triſtitiamque notis;
Præ cunctis caræ libas de more puellæ
Munera Cornigeri nobiliora Dei.
Forſitan Italici te ludicra pompa theatri,
Scenæ, verſiculi rerum inopeſque juvant,
Orcheſtrâque ſedes, delectatâque canoros
Semiviri modulos combibis aure Chori,
Dum Reges pereunt Cygnorum more canentes,
Tibia & imbelles inflat ad arma manus.
Cum ſolitus ſuadet vigor & tentiginis æſtus,
Sub ſigno Cypriæ bella movere Deæ,
Aut animam niveis *Catharinæ* effundis in ulnis,
Aut te molliculo mulcet *Eliza* ſinu.
Scire cohors quid agit Veneri devota laboro;
(Vix te de genere hoc ulla latere puto)
Fertilis an moechas miſit JUVERNA recentes?
Sana quid ad præſens Scorta lupanar habet?

Quæſitæ

Quæſitæ floretne tenax *Antonia* palmæ?
Pellacine ſedet priſtinus ore decor?
An Juvenem flammâ dignum meliore perurit
Haud Oculis facies infidioſa meis?
Dic, quali regnat pompâ REGINA CORINTHI,
Et quos jam lactat luxurioſa procos;
An gemmis magè quàm formâ ſpectanda theatro
Fulget adhùc nitidi publica cura Chori?
Poſtremùm liceat de te mihi pauca rogare:
Quæ jam venali Laïs amore capit?
Congrederiſne ferox Penem circumdatus armis,
An ruis Idaliæ nudus ad acta Deæ?
An pellex maleſana accendit in Inguine flammas,
Et pateris telo vulnera facta tuo?
Sed te (ni fallor) fecêre pericula cautum,
Et toties paſſum ſpero carere malis.
Quot tecum noctes vinoque jociſque dicavi!
Heu! meminiſſe piget, dum meminiſſe juvat;

Te mœſto quamvis mala ſors ſejunxit amico,
Solvere amicitiæ vincula firma nequit.
Concelebres alio ſi terras ſole calentes,
Te nulla ex animo deleat hora meo.
Accipe vota precor (mihi nil niſi vota ſuperſunt)
Det fortuna tibi quod mihi dura negat;
Liber & alma Venus tibi dona perennia fundant,
Et fallat noctem Diva, Deuſque diem.

Ad SEXTUM.

U M frequens cultor Veneris, puellas
- Infequens circum nemora uvidique
inem Cami, Paphiâ fatigas
Membra palæſtrâ;

urtivos meditans amores
ıe erecto & tenui crumenâ
ɔ ſubluſtri peto KIDNIENSEM
Fervidus Aulam;

ɔoronatis Genio culullis
indulgens celebro tabernas,
ıec, & luſcum, poterit Falerni
Fallere teſta.

Sed
2

Sed parùm arguti ſapiunt ſodales,
Indicæ languet ſapor omnis herbæ,
Et minùs gratum eſt ſine te jocoſi
Munus Iacchi.

O mihi irrupto ſociate amoris
Vinculo, cum quo Cypriæ ſecutus
Signa ſum matris, roſeique cum quo
Signa Lyæi!

Quando erit Grantam ut videam tenentem
Te mei partem haud minimam, meroque
Quando erit tecum ut liceat morantem
Frangere noctem?

Interim (quamvis mihi te negarint,
Me tibi, Parcæ) regione noſtrâ
Miſſilis quicquid novitatis extat
Charta docebit:

Poeta

Poola (ni mendax mihi falſa narrat
Fama) non pridem laqueo Tyburni
Pendula læſa eſt malè ſe ſecuto ex

Arbore collum.

Henlia abſentem ſine fine *Rufum*
Luget, & mœcho haud alio calebit,
Curam acu fallit, Veneriſque dudum

Caſtra reliquit;

Sic (ut antiqui cecinêre vates)
Flevit ereptum viduata Ulyſſem
Sponſa, percurrens minuitque luctus

Pectine telam.

Eſtne cui cedat meretrix apud vos
Fama *Cowellæ?* Paphiæne matris
Noverit BARNWELIA fideliorem

Veſtra miniſtram?

Callidè in portum reſupina amoris
Dirigit Penem, hìc Gnidiæ litamus
Fervidi Divæ, & vetus ara multo

Fumat odore.

Jam ferè longo ſatiata ludo
Otium poſcit Juvenes; graveſcit,
Et tui pars, ut perhibet, tumenti

Conditur alvo.

Alma mox prolem dubiam daturæ
Diva fis præſens genitalis, acres
Mitiga planctus, hebetaque duri

Spicula fati!

Naſcere optata ô ſoboles! ſequaris
Si puer, mores patris, at puellam
Si velint Parcæ, Cytherea matris

Imbuat arte.

Ad Henricum.

NYmpha Coventini quæ gloria fulſerat Horti,
Cui vix vidiſſet Druria veſtra parem,
Exul, inops, liquit proprios miſeranda Penates,
Fortunæ extremas ſuſtinuitque vices,
Nunc trahit infauſtam tenebroſo in carcere vitam,
Et levat inſolito mollia membra toro.
Carleſis, ah! quantum, quantum mutaris ab Illâ
Carleſe, quæ Veneris maxima cura fuit!
Ædе tuâ riſêre olim Chariteſque Jocique,
Hic fuerant Paphiæ currus & arma Deæ;
Arſêrunt Cives, arſit Judæus Apella,
Et te bellorum deperiêre chori.
Jam ſordes pallenſque genas, & flaccida mammas,
Non oculi, quondam qui micuere, micant.

Heu ubi formoſæ referentes lilia malæ !
Labra ubi purpureis quæ rubuêre roſis !
Te puer Idalius, te faſtiditque juventus
Tam marceſcentem, diſſimilemque tui.
Siccine tam fidam curas Erycina miniſtram ?
Hæccine militiæ præmia digna tuæ ?
O Venus ! ô nimium nimiumque oblita tuarum !
Carleſis an meruit ſortis acerba pati ?
Quæ poſthàc ariſve tuis imponet honorem,
Ardebit poſthàc vel tua Caſtra ſequi ?
Omnigenas æquo circumſpice lumine mœchas
Quas tua pellicibus Druria dives alit,
Quæ cellas habitant, vicos peditesve peragrant,
Aut quæ Wappinios incoluêre Lares ;
Invenienda fuit nuſquam laſcivior, artûs
Mobilior, ſacris vel magis apta tuis.
Carleſis ah noſtris & fienda & fleta Camænis !
Accedat veſtris nulla medela malis ?

Te vereor miſeram fortuna tenaciter anget,
Nec veniet rebus mollior aura tuis.
Eſt tibi (ſitque precor) pellex, *Henrice*, vireſcens
Quæ te primævâ ſimplicitate capit;
Sera Illi teneræ langueſcat gratia formæ,
Vita Illi curſu candidiore fluat,
Conjuge ſit Batavo felix, tutuſque fruaris
Aurea dum craſſâ Cornua fronte gerit.

Ad BACCHUM.

DIVE Thebanæ ſoboles puellæ
Mixta quem mater peperit Tonante,
Dive qui vinclo metuente ſolvi
Nectis amicos!

Nubilas præſens removere curas
Porrigis frontem minùs explicatam,
Et Dionæis agitata mulces
Pectora telis;

Linque Campanos Siculoſque colles,
Linque Nutricis juga celſa Nyſæ,
Et meum comple, Deus alme, toto
Numine pectus!

Me puer longùm Veneris marinæ
Spiculis urgens cruciavit, adſis
Lætus, & fœlix miſerêre noſtri,
Dive, laboris!

Igne (ni falſum cecinêre vates)
Ipſe mortali caluiſſe quondam
Diceris, nec te puduit decorâ
Virgine vinci:

Atticas quando ſpoliis onuſtus
Victor Ægides reparavit oras,
Vela diffundens nimiùm ſecundo
Turgida vento:

Sola deſertis Ariadna terris
Multa de falſo doluit marito,
Et repercuſſo ſonuêre Naxi
Littora planctu;

Tu

Tu capiſtratis rediens ab Indis
Tigribus vectus, viridique cinctus
Pampino crines, placidâ bibiſti

Aure querelas.

Mox ubi nympham lacrymis venuſtam
Videras, ictus caluiſti amore,
Et pares ſenſim ſubiêre nymphæ

Pectora flammæ.

Adfuit ridens, Erycina, puris
Tuque cum tædis, Hymenæe, teſtes
Igne quàm fido colis Ipſe nuptam,

Nupta maritum.

Dulcia experte ô ſine felle amoris
Jam fave, Lenæe pater, vocanti;
Et fuga ſævum nimis ulceroſo

Corde Tyrannum!

Tum

Tum tuo gratus meditans honores
Numini haud parcos calices litabo,
Luce dum Sol exoriens rubentem
Pingit Olympum;

Cumque mî pectus calet, altiori
Te canam plectro, numeros puellæ
Leſbiæ, vel dulce ſequens Sabini
Carmen Oloris:

Ad

Ad CAROLUM B.....

ATRA curarum minuens Geneva
Occidit duro nimium ſtatuto
Pellici & Vati malè conſulentis
Parliamenti:

Utilis mœchæ fuit & Poëtæ;
Sprevit hinc Vates Dolopum catervas,
Mœcha *Conſonum* tetricâ minantem
Fronte laborem.

Solvitur juſtas Druria in querelas,
Per Coventini ſpatia ampla & Horti
Plangor auditur, gemituſque, tunſa &
Pectora palmis.

Talbotam

tam fortuna premet ; relinquent
ſis quondam miſeræ Penates
laſa & *Johnſon* duo pervicacis
Fulmina linguæ.

a inornatis queritur capillis ;
per caro dolet eſſe ſucco
, *Plumarum* cyathiſque verſis
Hoſpita mœret.

:um grata ô ! ſuperis & imis,
vale longumque vale inter omnes
ıens ſuccos, veluti Pedeſtres
Fanny puellas ;

:e *Plumarum* decus & columna,
y, ſeu *Brimſtona* probas vocari !
ıdens, apta & Veneri, & jocoſo
Apta Lyæo.

Suave

Suave *Grubæi* doluere Cygni,
Dulce tam fudêre melos canentes,
Ut forent Ipſi moribundi acerbâ
Morte Genevæ.

O vitro fons ſplendidior Poeſis!
Tu dabas Ignemque animumque Vati,
Tu dabas ſacros, pereunſque tolles
Mente furores.

Quis chori nunc Pierii ſuperſtes
Flebit abſentem Laribus Britannis
———, dum gens patienter audit
Fœminæ habenas?

Quis ſimul liquit Batavûm Penates
Vota Neptuno pia fundet? almam
Quis Thetin pinget vigili tuentem
Numine puppim?

Quis canet Regem litui tubæque
Ludicra & ficti ſimulacra belli
Quem juvant, ſtat dum innocuas tremendus
Ante Cohortes?

Albion quam conſiliis *Roberti*
Floret! en! ut pacificis *Horati*
Artibus Mavors agitur beatis
Finibus Exul.

Aureum genti redit en! Britannæ
Sæculum; tuti volitant per æquor,
Nec truces noſtri metuunt ut olim
Navitæ Iberos.

Quis Lyræ pollens patienſque Phœbi
Poſteris hæc ancipiti legenda
Det fide? vani procul exulate
Mente timores:

Cibber en! grato ſupereſt labori,
Carus argutæ Fidicen Thaliæ,
Lucidum noſtræ columenque, ſpeſque
Unica laurûs.

Concinet majore Poëta plectro
———, quandoque calens furore
Geſtiet circa thalamum ferire
Calce galerum;

Concinet fauſtos Britonas, capacem
Conſilî mentem *Carolinæ*, *Iülum*
Martium, at patrem minimè ſequentem
Paſſibus æquis.

Cum premet geſta & *Gulielmi*, & *Annæ*,
Invidis ætas tenebris, Camænam
Collii, noſtra & pariter ſtupebunt
Sæcla Nepotes.

By a FRIEND,

A COPY *of* VERSES *on* BETTY CLOSE'S *coming to the Town, humbly addreſſed to all Ladies of Pleaſure of the Year* 1736.

MOURN every Nymph, whom Providence has (left
Of all, but your Celeſtial Charms, bereft:
Who barter Beauty for the Luſt of Gold,
And like a Place at Court are to be ſold;
To Age, or Impotence, your Charms betray,
A Lump of dull inanimated Clay,
To Sharpers, Coxcombs, 'Prentices, or Beaus,
For Womenkind have neither Friends, nor Foes)
Exhauſt with all your Arts each languid Vein,
Till not one genial Drop of Luſt remain!

Fair * *Preſtland* comes; inferior Beauties fly!
A *Hellen* cannot with a *Venus* vie.
Scatter like Miſts before the Riſing Sun!
The faireſt Nymph will be but laſt undone.

Clarke muſt live chaſte, and perjur'd † *Latimore*
Shall ceaſe to clap Mankind, that is—— to whore.
Peace to Thy Aſhes, fair unhappy Shade!
By Beauty ruin'd, and to Vice betray'd;
Who fell an early Sacrifice to Luſt,
And now what once the World ador'd—— is Duſt.
Here ‡ *Delia* claims a tributary Tear,
With Frailty modeſt, tho' a Whore, ſincere;
Contented with the Charms that Nature gave,
She made Mankind Her Momentary Slave;
Like forward Fruit was blaſted in Her Bloom,
Whoſe Wit, and Beauty, found an early Tomb.

* Her Huſband's Name.
† She died this Winter, in the 23d Year of her Age.
‡ *Nanny Featherſtone*, who died this Winter, in the 20th Year of Age, very much lamented by all Gentlemen of Pleaſure.

Ye Deities! whom perjur'd Lovers ſlight,
From ſuch a Fate preſerve unhappy *Knight*,
Whoſe pleaſing Form and Merit might ſuffice,
To charm the ſordid Wretch that gain'd the Prize;
Who far from Pity, triumphs in his Guilt,
And boaſts o'er Wine the Virgin Blood he ſpilt.

Now *Cox* but with diminiſh'd Rays will ſhine,
And own fair *Preſtland*'s Beauty more divine;
Roberts will curſe all Whores, nor ſpare e'en *Carter*,
From worn-out *Careleſs* to fair *Kitty Walker*;
Aſpiring *Antony* will drop her Creſt,
And condeſcend for Shillings to be bleſt.
Thus when bright *Venus* glides along the Sky,
Celeſtial Beauties from Her Preſence fly,
Immortal Deities Her Charms adore,
And own with Envy Her ſuperior Power.

Let the Fair Sex, whom peeviſh Honour calls
To guard their Virtue in Enchanted Walls,
From Her Example learn: When Nature gave
Pride to command, and Beauty to enſlave,
She never meant it like the Miſer's Store,
To keep in Plenty the Poſſeſſors poor;
But let their Charms ſhine o'er the conquer'd Ball,
And be Ador'd, Enjoy'd, and Lov'd by All.

When thus apply'd, to whomſoe'er 'tis given,
Beauty's the Bleſſing, elſe the Curſe of Heaven.

In Obitum ELIZABETHÆ CLOSE, Salacis Memoriæ.

DECUS Puellarum & Juvenum dolor
Me, *Cloſa*, poſcis tendere barbiton,
Maneſque carmen luctuoſum
Sollicitant pretioſiores.

Miniſtra Divæ ſedula Cypriæ
Heu! *Cloſa*, vitæ in limine concidis,
Libido cui famam perennem
Idaliâ peperit palæſtrâ.

Jaces feretro frigida, pallidâ,
Sed morte in ipſâ lubrica conſpici;
O præcoci direpta fato!
O Paphio magis apta ludo!

Videre

Videre flentem jam videor comis
Paſſis Miniſtram, jam manibus piis
Cadaver ornantem cupreſſi
Fronde nigrâ, fragilique myrto.

Amoris olim ô! prodiga, & abſtinens
Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ!
Laudanda Pellex! rara Virtus,
Druricolis veneranda Nymphis!

O! ſi Senator, ſi ſimilis tui
Aurum irretorto lumine viderat,
Non gens doleret preſſa, rerum et
Candidior remearet ordo.

Vitale flumen dum roſeâ genas
Pinxit juventâ, pulcrior in tuos
Vix ivit amplexus, Adoni,
Idaliis Erycina lucis.

Vultu benigno dum tibi riſerit
Fortuna, dum te ſollicita ambiit
Pubes, & exultans catenis
Molliculis requievit ulnis;

Bartona non te clarior extitit;
Non floruit te *Coxa* beatior
Quanquam Coventinum per Hortum
Egit Equos volucremque currum;

Quæ nunc decenni trita libidine
Tandem recumbit Conjugis in ſinu;
Feliciorem te ſed atro
Styx novies cohibet fluento.

Heu! cogit omnes dura neceſſitas:
Formoſa multi nominis occidit
Clevelanda, nec *Gwynnam* valebat
Angliaco placuiſſe Regi.

Merſa eſt acerbo funere ſanguinis
Vanella clari, nec grave ſpiculum
Averteret fati Machaon,
Nec madido *F*——— Ore.

Atqui priorum nunc meretricibus
Te, *Cloſa*, miſces temporum, & Angliam
Oſtendis almam matrem Amoris
Poſthabitâ coluiſſe Cypro;

Te Laïs olim nobilis, invido
Te nata Ledâ lumine conſpicit,
Te ſumma formâ, ſumma ſceptro
Niliaci Cleopatra regni.

Te ſæpe ſanam, ſemper amabilem
Morti vetabit cedere Pieris,
Sed fleta, ſed ſecura famæ
Per Juvenum volitabis ora.

I, clara pellex, utere honoribus!
I, clara pellex, ſat tibi vixeris!
Haywarda te flet, te fidelis
Beſwicius Veneris ſacerdos.

O umbra felix! temne volubilis
Jam tuta ſortis nubila, Druriæ
Morboſque ſpectans & dolores
Elyſiis miſerêre Campis.

Ad THOMAM G.....

O SÆPE mecum ſollicitudines
Mulcens Lyæi munere candidi
Bacchate, donec ſol reſurgens
Æthereis radiabat arvis,

Thoma meorum prime ſodalium !
Ex quo relictis non bene poculis
Arcebar à Grantâ feroces
Myrmidonum fugiens catervas.

Fortuna ſævo læta negotio
Me rure claufit, jam nimium diu !
Dum tu reviſis multùm amatæ
Fumum, & opes, ſtrepitumque Romæ

Jam

Jam ſorte felix, quærere diſtuli
Quo more fallis tempora, nam reor
Te non inertem, ſive fontes
Pieriæ ſtudioſus artis

Sanctos recludis, ſeu Genium mero
Curas ſodales inter amabiles,
Seu te virentem ſuadet æſtus
Idalias iterare pugnas.

Fortuna ſi nunc ridet amicior,
Condat nitentem mox nebulis diem;
Mortalis ævi horæque pennâ
Aufugiunt trepidante ſolvi.

Ergo caducæ quiſquis erit color
Vitæ, benignâ munera ſeu manu
Fortuna fundat, ſeu malignâ
Quæ dederit rapiat; dolores

Donis Lyæi pellere Gallici
Memento, ſed ſi difficilis negat
Crumena, ſuccum Luſitanæ
Purpureum bibe gratus uvæ.

Nec herba deſit clarus ab ultimis
Vati *Ralæus* quam bene conſulens
Deduxit Indis, Ipſe Vates,
Caſtaliæ decus Ipſe turbæ;

Muſis, jocoſo caraque Libero
O Herba ſalve! Carmine nobili
Cantata *Thori*, largè Apollo
Quem geminâ decoravit arte.

Ad GOTHOFREDUM C.....

REctius vivit, *Gothofrede*, nympham
Qui videt formoſam oculo irretorto,
Corda qui geſtat Veneris domari.
Neſcia telis;

Ille ſecurus roſeam videri
Spectet *Howardam*, facileſve riſus
Browniæ, vel te, *Catharina*, pubis
Cura Britannæ.

Integer (ſi mens eadem fuiſſet)
Sylviam fictâ caluiſſe flammâ
Senſeram, nec ſurpuerat mihi me
Fulgor Ocelli;

Sed parum cautus perii tuendo ;
Mutuam linguæque fidem voventis
Combibi gratum malè faſcinatâ

Aure venenum.

Te parens rerum nimio decore
Prodiga ornavit ; tibi, pulcra pellex,
Cederet Daphne peramata Phœbo,

Gnoſis Iaccho ;

Te ſimul pleno, Juvenum, theatro
Turba, fulſiſti, coluit, ſecuta eſt
Te nimis latè Cypriæque matris

Signa ferentem.

Angliâ plures meditans triumphos
Galliam victâ celebras, timentque
Jam levem nymphæ tua ne retardet

Aura Juventam.

Sis tamen felix ubicunque vivis!
Immemor quamvis malefida noſtri es,
Nec Dionæis cruciata curas
Corda ſagittis.

Forſitan te nunc viridem puella
Mutua torret, *Gothofrede*, flammâ,
Unico gaudens, Paphiæque jam nunc
Cruda palæſtræ;

Hanc ſinu mulces nimiùm fideli
Igne langueſcens, vacuamque credis
Fraude, juratos toties timentem &
Fallere Divos;

Perfidam ſed mox alio calere
Senties, ventiſque fidem dolebis
Traditam, & mollem vario fugatum
Pectore amorem.

Occupet nomen Juvenis beatî
Qui manet votis precibuſque mœchæ
Surdior ponto, atque agitante pontum
Surdior Euro.

Fœmina ô ſolâ levitate conſtans !
Me ſat unius docuêre fraudes
Quàm graves vel ſub placido laterent
Æquore rupes.

Ite ſpes blandæ teneræque, dulces
Ite languores alimenta flammæ !
Non Deo cedam redimire amanti
Tempora myrto ;

Sed furens ſuadet quoties libido,
Druriæ vel me accipient tabernæ,
Aut parúm ſanis domus *Oliveræ*
Nota puellis.

Ad Sextum.

O QUI frequentes ſorte beatior
Maligna quam mî fata negaverint,
Amice, Romam, nocte gaudens
Cum Sociis madidis Lyæo!

Quanquam in remotâ parte Britanniæ
Me ſors locavit, conſpicit exerens
Se Phœbus undis & recumbens
Uſque tui memorem & tuorum.

Nunc forte pellex Incola Druriæ
Vici ſagittam miſit ab angulo
Victoriæ ſecura, nigro
Crine decens, roſeoque vultu;

Quæ

Quo te beatum vulnere cogitans
Ictus medullas dulce periculum
Sectaris, incedens per Ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

Parcus Diones cultor & infrequens
Libo capaces jam cyathos Deo
Cui Nysa ridet, cui Falernus,
Et Siculi placuere colles.

Mox læta suadent munera perfidæ
Oblivionem ducere *Sylviæ*,
Regina quam fovit Cytheræ
Perniciem Juvenum decoram.

Quàm penè Ocelli languor amabilis,
Collumque certans Threïcia nive
Me victimam duxit volentem
Idalias periturum ad aras!

Sed Liber almo numine conſulens
Periclitanti, me mihi reddidit,
Præſens Dionæos calores,
Et tetricas removere curas.

Ad MACRUM.

JAM Granta vanis ſat lacrymis dedit,
Tenentque mutas jam ſalices lyras
Donata quas nuper ciebat
Sera nimis *Carolina* cœlo.

Si mî dediſſet Cynthius Ingenî,
Regina, vires, alite ſurgerem,
Ferremque virtutes ſtupendas
Perpetuâ ſuper aſtra famâ.

Te floruerunt te miſerabiles
Muſæ ſecundâ (credite Poſteri)
Languens & erexit decoram
Religio, tua cura, frontem:

Vates revinctus tempora laureâ,
Dulciſque teſtis fiſtula *Duckii*;
Doctuſque *Præſul Briſtolenſis*
Grande decus columenque mittæ.

Exoſa luxum quid tibi profuit
Regalium & mens deliciarum egens?
Congeſta non auri talenta
Multa brevem Dominam ſequentur.

Cedis coemptâ Socraticâ domo,
Villiſque purus quas Thameſis lavit;
Antrumque venalis relinquis
Materiam ſterilem Camœnæ.

Regina, magnæ ſit tamen hoc tui
Solamen umbræ: nobilis audies
Eccleſiæ tutela, temnens
Arbitrium popularis auræ, &

Vindex

Vindex Minervæ ſtrenua ; quamdiù
Cami fluentum Pierides colent,
Carmenque *Ducki* per virorum
Nobilium volitabit ora.

Rumpent ſorores ſtamina luridæ ;
Amice, te mox accipiet ratis
Charontis inviſa, & ſubibis
Tartareas levis umbra ſedes.

Extructum Avaro quid miſero invides
Theſaurum ? inanes quid titulos ſtupes ?
Mutare nec fati tenorem,
Nec valeant relevare curas.

Non eſt tuum, ſi ſors furit improba,
Inſanienti cedere turbini ;
Innixus at virtute acerbas
Sperne minas ; validum ingruenti

Oppone pectus fortiter æquori ;

Fugata demùm nubila ſenties,
Fluctus recumbent, & nitebit
Mox radio meliore Phœbus.

Hoc paſce mentem conſilio, tui
Potenſque vivas ſorte beatior,
Quam ſi Tyranni poſſideres
Divitias operoſiores.

INCERTI AUTHORIS
Ad RUFILLUM.

O QUI potenti fortior Hercule
Nocturna miſces prælia! cui Venus
Penem fatigari dolentem, &
Indomitos dedit alma Clunes!

Quæ Thameſis te propter aquas Patris
Puella dulci jam fovet in Sinu?
Quæ jam *Rufilli* proruentis
In Venerem tolerare Pondus

Virago gaudet? num tibi pinguior
Suſanna Pubem ſubjicit horridam?
An mollis implumem *Mariæ*
Cunniculum penetrare tentas?

Nimis beatus! quem neque Gaudia
Incæpta Lictor rumpere geſtiens
Perturbat immitis, vetatve
Appoſitam tetigiſſe Vulvam.

Deſerta mœret Druria Pellices
Raptas; abactos plus vice ſimplici
Greges Puellarum Ipſa flevit
Needhamia Veneris Sacerdos;

Quin & Miniſtras, Diva potens, tuas
Clauſêre diri Carcere Judices;
Et Cannabem trivêre Palmæ
Proh Pudor! ad meliora natæ.

Puella, grato quæ modo verbere
Inguen ciebat non bene pertinax,
Haud ludicrum tandem nefandi
Carnificis timet Ipſa Flagrum.

Deſerta rerum Vulva Parens dolet,
Mutatque notas Exilio Domus,
Hortoſque devitat Jacobi,
Et latebras pudibunda quærit.

Ergo furentes irrita Mentulas
Tentigo rumpet? non ita; mane mihi
Quod Vulva non præbet Levamen,
Dextra dabit facilis potentis.

MERETRICES BRITANNICÆ.

QUAM canam, Lenæe Pater, Puellam
Galliæ vinis, Cyathiſve Opertæ
Fervidus, cujus reſonent jocoſa
Pocula Nomen?

Aut in obſcœnis Druriæ Tabernis,
Aut ubi Vico Roſa Bridgienſi
Pullulat Nympham temere inſequenti
Nota Juventæ,

Arte maternâ rigidæ domantem
Mentulæ Vires, agilique Clune
Et Manu blandâ elicere intumenti
Inguine Semen?

Quid prius dicam ſolitis opimæ
Laudibus *Guinnæ*, *Careli* tremendum
Quæ manu penem variiſque Sceptrum
Geſſerat Horis?

Nec tuæ Noctes Tenebris prementur
Invidis *Cleveland*; neque Te ſilebo
Prœliis audax, metuenda certo
Vulnere *Sally*.

Pellices dicam BATAVAS, potentem hanc
Parieti obnixis ſuperare Lumbis,
Hanc Toro, cujus ſimul atra Regi
Vulva pateret,

Et Nates Lectum quaterent, Cubile
Perfidum magno crepuit Fragore
Ruptum, & ingenti tremuêre——
Membra Pavore.

Mox

Mox retro cedens agitatus Humor
Fugit ad ſedes pavidus relictas;
Et minax (ſic Dii voluere) Regis
Cauda recumbit.

Douglaſam poſt has prius, an quietos
Talbotæ mores memorem, an falaces
Browniæ Faſces, dubito, an *Floidæ*
Nobile Lethum;

Heathias, *Howam*, nimiumque Linguæ
Prodigam Vino ſuperante *St. George*
Gratus undanti referam culullo,
Weſtberiamque.

Hanc, & incomptis *Leviam* Capillis
Utilem Rixæ tulit, atque *Hoperam*
Sæva Paupertas dubiique Patris
Tetra Libido.

Creſcit

Creſcit occultum Luis ut Venenum
Gumliæ Nomen, micat inter omnes
Fama *Dav'nportæ* veluti Tabernas
Luna minores.

Alma Scortorum Druriæ Cuſtos
Orta Neptuno! tibi Cura pulchræ
Carleſis Fatis data, in ſecundâ
Carleſe regnes:

Illa, ſeu pubem tenuit catenis
Pulvere albentes humeros amictam,
Indiæ aut Navis domuit Magiſtrum
Merce beatum

Te minor noſtro dominetur Orbi,
Læta tu Sedes Paphias reviſes,
Dum tuis Illa Auſpiciis Britannum
Subjicit Orbem.

A. A. ad J. K. M. D.

EPITHALAMIUM.

K——, ni mendax mihi falſa mittit
Friendus, ex mœcho fieri maritus
Cogeris, partemque agit uſitatæ
Pellicis Uxor.

Quidni ego læter tibi gratulari
Conjugi Conjux? Ego qui reliqui,
Connubî Cauſâ, Patriam Domumque uxorius Exul.

Dum Sales ſpargunt lepidi Sodales
Te ſuper vel me, cuperem intereſſe
Magna pars Riſûs; ſed ab hoc acerbâ
Lege remotus

Per-

Perfruor dulci alloquio pudicæ
Oſculis ſponſæ placidoque vultu,
Nec vidit ſponſum magis amantem amatumve Æther ius Sol.

Mille mî præter Paphia in palæſtra
Gaudia; at quod tu ingredière caſtra,
Quæ fuit Cauſa ante Helenam duelli,
Unica Cauſa eſt.

Eſtne qui cunctos quot amant Matheſin
Inter, ô Ductor Gregis, eſtne qui Te
Rectius novit, vel acutiori
Luſtrat Ocello

Siderum Motus? Tibi ſi qua proles
Naſcitur, quicquid minitentur Aſtra,
Quid ferant læti, docilis futuri
Ante videbis.

tuos ſi quis Thalamos Adulter
ndere optaret, vetet Ars & Æther
robos Auſus, & inermis ito, ſit
Incolumis Frons.

are age, & totis licitè Diebus
ctibus totis Veneri litato,
llum opus Sylvæ, aut recubare ſubter
Tegmina Fagi.

erim quicquid Vetulæ aut Puellæ
rriant, ne te Jecur intus angat:
l domi fiſtens, ede, lude, pota, &
Temne quod ultra eſt

amans Sponſæ, & mea ſi valent quid
ta, ſis felix: ſed iniqua ſi ſors
mpſerit primam; mora nulla, Sponſam
Sume ſecundam.

Eſt (ubi nôſti) bene paſta Virgo,
Cuilibet ſat par oneri ferendo;
Ipſe quam, ſed mî meliore Divi,
Ducere rebar.

Hanc cape, & noſtro ex loculo repente
Æra bis centum accipies & ultra;
Neminem tali niſi te Procorum
Dote beabo.

A. A..... J. T..... S.

TE Senatorum Numero inſerendum
Sponte ſuffragor : Quis enim loquendi
Artibus pollet magis, aptiorvè eſt
Condere Leges?

Sed per immenſum Oceanum, & Liquores
Mille ſulcanda eſt via : multa Fumi
Nubila erumpent, fluitanſque Rivo
Alla perenni.

Quo ſalutandi Titulo modoque
Ordines nôſti Procerum, ambiendus
Quo ſit aut Sartor Laniuſvè Ritu,
Forte docendus.

Feſtum Luſtrale, ſive Baptizatio Ruſtica.

SOLENNES ritus, puerumque aſpergine lymphæ
Sacratum ſuperis, obſtetricemque facetam,
Hic canere incipimus: Faveat Lucina canenti;
Tuque harum adjutrix curarum & conſcia Juno!

Jam decima humentes aurora fugaverat umbras,
Ex quo maternis infans vagîſſet in ulnis:
Nec mora, vicini coeunt; jam dedita ventri
Pars puerum ſacrâ properant conſpergere lymphâ.
Intereà pendent opera interrupta, ligoque
Stat medio defixus agro, ſpinoſaque ſepes
Semiputata manus agreſtis poſcit; at ille
Jam parat, ut ſociis cultus conviva colonis
Interſit; juvat hunc diſponere in ordine crines;
Compoſitum conjux aptat collare marito.

Nec

Nec minus ipſa ſibi curat ſua ſponſa, tumentes
Conſtringit vinclis coſtas, fingitque premendo;
Quamque ſuis nevit manibus, circumdata lanâ eſt,
Componit veſtes, tremulumque in vertice conum
Erigit, & farris conſpergit pulvere crines.

Pars pedes ire parat campis; parſque ardua tardis
Fertur equis; unâque armati calce fatigant
Quadrupedes; lumbos onerat pinguiſſima conjux:
Poſt equitem cura alma ſedens, ſimiliſque cadenti,
Sæpe premit tutum tremebunda ad pectora ſponſum:
Ille ſibi pondus commiſſum reddere terræ
Gaudet, & optatas tandem contingere portas.

Jam ſubeunt thalamum, ſociaſque puerpera matres
Excipit; illa humeros albo velamine cincta eſt,
Et ſedet in molli plumis ſuffulta ſedili.
Matronæ ſpectant puerum; juvat ora tueri,
Et verſare manu, naſumque agnoſcere patris,
Majorumque genas, & blandos matris ocellos.

Tunc avia has rumpit placido de pectore voces:
Si patrem memini puerum, ſic ora ferebat,
Et ſic ridebat teneris nutricis in ulnis.
Altera ſpes aviæ ſurgas, meliora parente
Arva colas, mediâque olim luctator arenâ
Subvertas juvenes; tum parto indute galero
Ibis ovans, tacitoſque accendes Phyllidis ignes.
At ſi larga meis flaveſcat meſſis in arvis,
Noſtraque longævo placeat ſententia ſponſo,
Tu nunquam attrito proſcindas arva ligone,
Nec ſubigas tauros; ſed grandior Aldermannus
Urbani incedes tardus poſt pondera ſceptri.

Laudant propoſitum matres, & provida Mopſa
Deſtinat æquævæ jam nunc connubia natæ.

Tandem procedunt matres, quas intereuntes
Infantem manibus geſtat Lucina tenellum,

Quem

Quem circumfuſo nutrix ornaverat oſtro,
Demiſſâque ſtolâ pedibus, quâ Battus & omnes
A Batto ſoliti natos decorare recentes.
Tum ſubeunt templum, ſacrumque ex ordine fontem
Supplicibus cingunt genibus, gelidamque ſacerdos
Spargit aquam, puero nomenque imponit avitum.
Flet puer, & vetulæ gaudentes omine fauſto
Non dubitant longam ex fletu prædicere vitam.

At domus interea luxu decoratur agreſti:
Diſponunt famuli lances, luteaſque patellas,
Ornamenta abaci veteris, qui mole ſuâ ſtat
Ligno compoſitus ſculpto. Tum lintea menſæ,
Lintea ficulnis imponunt candida quadris.
Pendula detergunt, quæ fixit aranea, fila;
Bibliaque à nitidis tollunt antiqua feneſtris,
Durſeique modos, quos roſerat eſuriens mus.
Idem ardor ſervos ſtimulat, queîs cura culinæ,
Accendunt ignem, verubuſque affigere longis

Terga

Terga bovis properant, manibuſque calentia verſant:
Parte aliâ tepidum fumos emittit ahenum.
O genti alituum lux exitioſa! Columba
Amiſſos queritur tectorum in culmine fœtus;
Solaque neglectos errat gallina per hortos.

Illi cura penum ſtruere, & ſpectabile pruno
Hæc miſcet fartum; farriſque hæc mœnia condit.
Illâ parte puer cultros in limine primo
Exacuit; multa abſiſtit ſcintilla metallo:
Fervet opus, ſuavi redolet nidore culina.

Hæc inter famuli variè properantur, & omnis
Jam redit à templo conviva, epuliſque paratis
Accumbit tacitus; primâque in ſede locatur
Obſtetrix, craſſoque gemit ſub pondere ſella,
Plena ipſâ; tunc illa bovis fumantia terga
Deſecat in partes varias, menſamque per omnem
Mittit, & agreſtes dapibus lætantur opimis,
Vinaque de pleno ducunt pomacea cornu

Ridente

Ridentes, & ſæpe calix redit actus in orbem
Exhilarans animos, & corda oblita laborum.

Jam, Lucina, tui gliſcunt incendia naſi,
Et linguâ inceſſis tardos mordace maritos,
Ultra annos vultumque gerens, animumque facetum:

" O pecus ignavum, ſponſi, queîs nullus in aulâ
Ludit filiolus, nec dulcis filia, patrem
Quæ recreet placidis redeuntem veſpere nugis,
Miſtaque colloquiis puerilibus oſcula jungat.
Vos multi pueri, multæ ſprevere puellæ,
Dum luget vacuos prudens matrona penates.
O utinam ſegnes premeret lex æqua maritos!
Floreat ille pater, qui natis computat annos.
Finierat; calicemque arenti gutture plenum
Siccat, & hoc hauſto nondum ſatiata recedit;
Interiore domo matreſque oblectat hiantes,
Secreta obſcuris pandens myſteria verbis,

Et

Et ſteriles damnans campos: procul ite puellæ,
Fas nulli innuptæ Lucinæ audire labores.
Non pudet opprobriis ſponſos illudere, culpas
Vicinæ arcanas alio ſub nomine celat,
Fœmineamque jubet præſtare ſilentia turbam.

Exuit interea veſtes, cuniſque reponit
Infantem nutrix. En parvum machina lectum
Continet objectu laterum; mirabere coſtas
Vimine candenti textas, & penſile tegmen
Obductum capiti, lædat ne pulvis ocellos,
Subjectoſque pedes, queîs machina mobilis unâ
Itque reditque viâ, ſomnumque invitat eundo.
Flet puer interea, cantat blandiſſima nutrix,
Atque imperfectis lallat cunale loquelis.
Nec potis eſt molli fletum compeſcere cantu,
Quin puerum è cunis tollat, mammaſque miniſtret,
Suppeditetve cibum, proprio quem verſat in ore
Ipſa prius, guſtuque alieno paſcitur infans.

Haud

Haud aliter fruges diſperſas colligit arvis
Ales, & ore refert pullis crepitantibus, illi
Eſcam avidè captant, & hianti gutture condunt.

At juvenes, puero dederant qui nomina, libant
Oſcula virginibus repetita; eſt flamma medullas
Mollis, & innocuos læti meditantur amores.
Agricolæ multâ traherent convivia nocte,
Ni jam ſuaderent fulgentia ſidera ſomnos.
Surgunt convivæ; Corydon tamen ipſe moratur,
Continuatque ſcyphos; ſedet, æternumque ſedebit,
Ni moveat ſolitas conjux fidiſſima lites.
Diſcedunt hilares; baculo hic veſtigia firmat,
Conjugis implicitam tenet ille uxorius ulnam.

Tum pater exultans dictis compellat euntes;
Ite, valete omnes! tandem redeunte Decembri,

(Ni

(Ni fallar) pulchram pariet mea Lydia natam,
Voſque reverſuro feſtum renovabitis anno.
Rident matronæ, votiſque his omnia firmant,
" Stet domus, & ſimili frondeſcat prole quotannis.

To the AUTHOR, *on the* LADIES *Subſcription for His* ENGLISH POEMS.

HOW ſhall the Muſe a grateful Tribute bring,
Or Numbers worthy of their Favour ſing!
Who, touch'd with Pity at a Friend's Diſtreſs,
Have, by their Bounty, made his Sorrow leſs.

Since Blooming Beauties of the *Britiſh* Iſle
Will condeſcend to caſt on Wit a Smile,
Let *Petit-maitres* languiſh in Deſpair,
Nor longer boaſt the Favours of the Fair.

Now *Shakeſpeare*'s Scenes by Modern *Belles* revive,
And teach the charming Sex with Taſte to live;
Impartial Reaſon will Their Actions guide,
And make each Bluſhing Maid a Happy Bride.

Gay

Gay Toaſts ſhall learn to ſlight Embroider'd Beaus,
And chuſe a Huſband for his Senſe,—not—Cloaths,

In vain mad Poets boaſt the Sacred Nine,
Implore their Aid each Sentence to refine,
Except the Fair their flowing Verſe approve,
And learn from moving Strains the Art of Love.

E'en *Phœbus'* ſelf might wiſh his Lyre unſtrung,
Since *Daphne* wou'd not liſten when He ſung.

Your Muſe has met a more Auſpicious Fate,
To pleaſe, tho' ſinking under Fortune's Weight;
For ſure that Book muſt be ſecure of Fame,
Which bears a *Portland*'s and a *Daſhwood*'s Name.

T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of*
Peter-houſe *in* Cambridge.

London, Apr. 21, 1738.

The

The Story of ARISTÆUS, *Tranſlated from the Fourth Georgic of* VIRGIL.

SAD *Ariſtæus* left fair *Tempe*'s Field,
His Bees (as Fame reports) by Famine kill'd,
Faſt by old *Peneus*' ſacred Fount he ſtood,
And thus beſpake the Daughter of the Flood:
Mother *Cyrene*, deep whoſe Dwelling lies
Beneath theſe Waves conceal'd from mortal Eyes,
If (as thou boaſteſt) ſprung from Race divine,
And *Phœbus* be the Author of my Line,
Why am I thus by adverſe Fates oppreſs'd?
Is Love quite baniſh'd from my Mother's Breaſt?
Why didſt thou promiſe me the bright Abodes,
And bid me hope to mingle with the Gods?
Since thus diſtreſs'd I breathe the vital Air,
In vain my Flocks and Fields engag'd my Care;

My Hopes, by Labour rais'd, forlorn I ſee,
And mourn my Glory loſt, though ſprung from thee.
Let looſe thy Rage, my Herd with Plagues deſtroy,
With nipping Blaſts my tender Fruit annoy,
Lay waſte my Vineyards, and my Harveſts burn,
If thus my growing Fame provokes thy Scorn.

Cyrene heard, with Nymphs encircl'd round,
The Voice of Mourning pierce the vaſt Profound;
The Wheel employ'd their Hours, each Diſtaff fraught
With purple Wool, from rich *Miletus* brought;
Drymo and *Xantho*, and *Lygea* fair,
And young *Phyllodoce* with flowing Hair,
Thalia blooming, *Spio* bright as Day,
Neſæe ſoft, *Cymodice* the gay,
Cydippe and *Lycorias*, one remains
A Maid, and one had felt a Mother's Pains,
Clio and *Beroe* both from Ocean ſprung,
Embroider'd Mantles o'er their Shoulders hung,

Opis

Opis the beauteous, *Ephyre* the cold,
Deïopeïa graceful to behold,
And *Arethuſa* once that lov'd the Wood,
But now an azure Goddeſs of the Flood.
To theſe *Clymene* ſung, in tuneful Strains,
The pleaſing Thefts of *Mars*, and *Vulcan*'s fruitleſs Pains,
And all the Loves of ev'ry God made known,
From ancient *Chaos* down to *Saturn*'s Son.
While thus the Wheel they ply'd, ſhe held the Throng
Fix'd in Attention to the warbled Song:
Again the Sound invades the moiſt Retreats,
Aghaſt the Nymphs forſake their chryſtal Seats;
But *Arethuſa* rear'd her beauteous Head
Above the Waves, and thus from far ſhe ſaid:
Siſter, thy Fears maternal Fondneſs ſhow,
Not ſtrange the Voice, nor common is the Woe;
Thy *Ariſtæus*, once thy chiefeſt Care,
A Prey to Grief, and frantic with Deſpair,

On *Peneus'* Banks now ſtands with ſtreaming Eyes,
And calls thee cruel with repeated Cries.
To whom *Cyrene* mov'd by freſh Alarms;
Quickly, oh! quickly give him to my Arms,
Safely the Youth deriv'd from heavenly Strain,
May view the Secrets of our wat'ry Reign.
This ſaid, at once ſhe bade the Waves divide;
The Waves obſequious form on either Side
A liquid Wall; the Youth with Awe deſcends,
And to his Mother's rocky Palace tends
Through Groves of Coral Walks, and with Amaze
The Wonders of the liquid Realms ſurveys:
He hears the Waters roar with vaſt Surprize,
And views the Springs whence mighty Rivers riſe:
Phaſis and *Lycus* hence derive their Stores,
Here in his Urn profound *Enipeus* roars;
Here yellow *Tybur* rears his awful Head,
And *Anio* murmurs in his oozy Bed:

Supplies

Supplies to *Hypanis* this Fountain yields,
From that *Caïcus* leaves fair *Myſia*'s Fields:
Here horn'd *Eridanus* firſt draws his Source,
The King of Floods, tumultuous in his Courſe,
Than whom no Stream more rapid cleaves the Plain,
Or rolls a larger Tribute to the Main.
Soon as he reach'd the Chamber arch'd with Stone,
And to his penſive Mother told his Moan,
The Nymphs attendant fineſt Towels bring,
And draw pure Waters from their hallow'd Spring;
The loaded Board beneath the Banquet bends,
The Altar's Smoak in fragrant Clouds aſcends.
Cyrene now begins the Rites divine,
And to old *Ocean* pours *Mæonian* Wine;
She then invokes the Nymphs that haunt the Woods,
Or keep the ſecret Caverns of the Floods;
With Wine ſhe ſprinkl'd thrice the ſacred Fire,
Thrice to the Roof the crackling Flames aſpire;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with ſo fair a Sign, *Cyrene* chears
Her mournful Son, and thus diſpels his Fears:
Where the *Carpathian* Billows roll their Tides,
Proteus a venerable Seer reſides;
Borne in his Car he ſweeps the briny Plains,
And ſcaly Courſers hearken to his Reins:
Now to *Emathia*'s Port his Way he bends,
Or to his native Shore *Pallene* tends:
To him we Nymphs religious Homage pay,
And ancient *Nereus* owns his mighty Sway.
He knows things preſent can the paſt relate,
And what lies rip'ning in the Womb of Fate;
Such *Neptune*'s Will, whoſe finny Herds he keeps,
And feeds the various Monſters of the Deeps.
With Force ſurprize, and urge him to diſcloſe
The latent Spring from whence thy Trouble flows.
Without Conſtraint He never lends his Aid,
No Prayers can move Him, and no Gifts perſuade.

To bind him faſt, thy utmoſt Care employ,
Superior Force will all his Wiles deſtroy.
Soon as the mid-day Sun inflames the Sky,
And Flocks from thirſty Plains to Covert fly,
Then will I lead thee to the dark Abode,
Where ſtretch'd in Sleep reclines the drowzy God.
But He when fetter'd, to excite thy Fear,
In Shapes of diff'rent Monſters will appear:
Now rage a Tyger, and now foam a Boar;
Now hiſs a Serpent, now a Lion roar,
Or ſtrive in Flames his Freedom to regain,
Or ſlide in running Waters from the Chain.
But while He tries, all Arts undaunted ſtand,
And ſtrain his Fetters with a ſtricter Hand,
'Till He reſumes the Form without Diſguiſe,
Such as when Sleep firſt ſate upon his Eyes.
She ſpoke, and pour'd Ambroſia on his Head,
Soon through each Joint the heav'nly Fragrance ſpread,

Unuſual Brightneſs in his Aſpect ſhone,
And his Limbs felt a Vigour not their own.
Deep in a Mountain's Side a Cavern lay,
Beneath whoſe Brow the Waters form a Bay,
Where Ships by Tempeſts toſs'd ſecurely ride,
Scorn the rough Winds, and brave the angry Tide.
The Goddeſs here conceal'd her Son from View,
While ſhe, involv'd in ſable Clouds, withdrew.
The raging Dog-ſtar parch'd the *Indian* Plains,
The wither'd Herbage call'd for cooling Rains;
The Noon-tide Sun intenſely ſhot his Beams,
And ſcorch'd the Mud beneath the deepeſt Streams:
When *Proteus*, to avoid the ſult'ry Heat,
Sought the known Covert of his cool Retreat;
The ſcaly Monſters ſport around his Car,
And from their Noſtrils ſpout the briny Dews afar.
Soon on the Shore diſſolv'd in Sleep they lie,
While He ſurveys them with a careful Eye:

Thu

Thus on a riſing Hillock, to behold
His fleecy Care returning to the Fold,
The Shepherd ſtands, when Lambs at Cloſe of Day
With bleating Cries provoke the Wolf to prey.
Scarce was the Prophet ſunk in ſoft Repoſe,
But *Ariſtæus* from his Ambuſh roſe:
Shouting he ruſh'd with Chains his Limbs t' invade;
The wily Seer his uſual Arts aſſay'd;
Now to a Beaſt transforms his various Shape;
Now ſtrives in Fire, or Water, to eſcape.
Subdu'd at length, his magic Force was broke,
And, to Himſelf returning, thus He ſpoke:
What Pow'r, raſh Youth, impell'd thee to explore
My dark Retreat, unknown to Man before?
Thus unappall'd with Dread the Youth reply'd;
Prophet, thou know'ſt my Bus'neſs, and my Guide:
No mortal Art can wary *Proteus* cheat;
Own thy ſelf vanquiſh'd, and forego Deceit:

By Heav'ns Command I come to ſeek thy Aid,
And learn the Cauſe from whence my Bees decay'd.
Thus ſaid the Youth:—The Prophet glow'd with Ire,
And roll'd his Eyes, that darted livid Fire:
Then thus indignant ſpoke the Voice of Fate,
Some God purſues thee with uncommon Hate;
Great are thy Crimes; unleſs the Fates oppoſe
The Pray'rs of *Orpheus*, great will be thy Woes:
For thy Offence the guiltleſs Poet dy'd,
At thee He rages for his murder'd Bride;
For while the Nymph, to ſave her ſpotleſs Charms,
And ſhun Pollution, fled thy luſtful Arms,
Along the River Side her Courſe ſhe held,
Nor ſaw the Snake beneath the Graſs conceal'd.
Her Fellow Nymphs on *Thracia*'s frozen Shore
All bath'd in Tears her ſudden Fate deplore;
The *Getes* and *Thracians* melt in tender Woe,
And the cold Streams of *Heber* mournful flow.

All o'er the naked Beach forlorn He ſtrays,
And vents his Grief in ſadly-moving Lays;
On loſt *Eurydice* his Song depends,
Which with the Day begins, and with it ends.
Fearleſs He ſeeks the Manſions void of Light,
The Regions wrapp'd in everlaſting Night,
Where Ghoſts abide, and griſly *Pluto* reigns,
Who ever deaf to human Pray'rs remains.
As through the dreary Gloom He paſs'd along,
The gath'ring Spectres liſten'd to his Song:
Not Birds, when forc'd by Night or wint'ry Storms,
Fly to the Woods in half ſuch num'rous Swarms:
Babes, Virgins, Matrons, and the Warrior's Shade,
Charm'd by his Muſick, thicken o'er the Glade;
Cocytus theſe encloſes all around,
Black Mud, and nauſeous Weeds, pollute the Ground,
The Waves of *Styx* in ſable Mazes glide,
And thrice three times around 'em rolls their baleful Tide.

The lulling Sweetneſs of his heav'nly Strains
Chear'd for a while the melancholy Plains;
The Furies' Snakes in painted Ringlets play,
Of Rage diſarm'd the triple Monſter lay;
Ixion charm'd, forgets his Pains to feel,
And ſtops the rapid Motion of his Wheel.
From Danger ſafe He leaves the Realms of Night,
And with his much-lov'd Wife returns to Light;
She follows cloſe behind him ſtill unſeen,
Such were the Orders of the *Stygian* Queen.
Juſt on the Confines of the upper Skies
He caſt on fair *Eurydice* His Eyes;
Small Fault! ev'n *Pluto* might that Fault forego,
If aught like Pity mov'd the Gods below.
Vain were his Toils, and vain the Contract made,
Thrice roll'd the Thunder through the dreary Shade.
Then thus the Nymph: What Madneſs urg'd thee on?
Ill-fated Man, alas! we're both undone;

Fates recall me to the nether Skies,
Sleep eternal ſeals my ſwimming Eyes.
ıg, and laſt Farewel! I'm thine no more,
ı from thy Arms, I ſeek the *Stygian* Shore.
ſaid, like Smoak ſhe vaniſh'd from his Sight,
to the Shades of everlaſting Night.
k from her roſy Cheeks the Life-blood fled,
:roſs'd the Stream, and mingl'd with the Dead.
ıov'd by Pray'rs relentleſs *Charon* ſtood,
more would waft Him o'er the *Stygian* Flood.
now what moving Story can He tell?
ıt Strains invent to ſooth the Pow'rs of Hell?
Sev'n long Moons He rov'd o'erwhelm'd with Woe,
:re *Strymon*'s Waves in chryſtal Windings flow;
ſoften'd Tygers round the Poet play,
bending Oaks hang liſt'ning to his Lay:
s, when a Swain has robb'd her of her Young,
Philomela chaunts her plaintive Song;

All Night her tuneful Sorrow fills the Glade,
And warbles mournful through the Poplar Shade.
A desert, solitary Life He led,
Cold to the Transports of the genial Bed;
O'er *Thracia*'s Mountains, ever white with Snows,
Or o'er the Fields where silver *Tanais* flows,
Lonely He roam'd, unmov'd by Beauty's Charms,
And mourn'd his Love twice ravish'd from his Arms.
Fir'd with Revenge, the *Bacchanalian* Throng
Rush'd on the Bard, regardless of his Song;
His mangl'd Limbs they scatter'd o'er the Plain,
Deaf to his Cries, and careless of his Pain.
Then from his snowy Neck his Head they tore,
Which on it's Waves *Oeagrian Heber* bore:
Eurydice, the Subject of his Song,
In dying Accents trembled on his Tongue.
Eurydice, with feeble Voice He cry'd,
Eurydice the echoing Banks reply'd.

Thus *Proteus* ſpake; then in the vaſt Profound
He plung'd, and daſh'd the foamy Waves around.
Cyrene ſtaid; her Son ſhe thus addreſs'd,
And baniſh'd Fear and Sorrow from his Breaſt.
From hence thy Troubles ſpring, the *Sylvan* Train
For this Miſdeed thy Bees with Plagues have ſlain;
With Pray'rs and Gifts the angry Nymphs aſſwage,
For Pray'rs and Gifts will ſoon appeaſe their Rage.
But firſt attentive hearken to my Lore,
And with theſe Rites th' offended Pow'rs adore:
Select Four luſty Bulls of choiceſt Breed,
Which on *Lycæus'* verdant Summit feed;
Four Heifers chuſe, unconſcious of the Wain,
And raiſe Four Altars in the lofty Fane;
From the ſlain Victims pour the ſacred Blood,
And leave their Bodies in the ſhady Wood:
When Morn has nine times ſtreak'd the Eaſt with Day,
To *Orpheus'* Shade *Lethean* Poppies pay.

To calm his Bride (for thus has Fate decreed)
A fatted Calf, and ſable Ewe muſt bleed;
That done, returning ſeek the Wood-land Shade;
Cyrene order'd, and the Youth obey'd.
With duteous Steps He to the Grove repairs,
The Temple viſits, and the Altars rears:
He took Four luſty Bulls of choiceſt Strain,
And Heifers Four that never knew the Wain;
On the Ninth Morn the Off'ring due He paid
To *Orpheus'* injur'd Ghoſt, and ſought the Wood
(Sl

Behold! a ſudden Prodigy appears:
The humming Sound of Bees invades his Ears,
From the torn Bowels iſſuing through the Sides,
The living Cloud the yielding Air divides;
Then to a neighb'ring Tree tenacious clung,
And from the Boughs in yellow Cluſters hung.

BION's ADONIS *Tranſlated.*

I Mourn *Adonis*, now alas! no more,
His helpleſs Fate the plaintive Loves deplore;
Stripp'd of thy gaudy Robes, O *Venus* riſe,
And ſhake the balmy Slumber from thine Eyes;
Melting in Woe, unhappy Goddeſs, tell,
How ſoon the ſweet, the fair *Adonis* fell.

I mourn Adonis, *now alas! no more,*
His hapleſs Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.

Adonis lies all welt'ring in his Gore,
On the bleak Mountains wounded by a Boar;
Slow roll his Eye-balls in his ſleepy Head,
Lifeleſs He ſeeks the Manſions of the Dead;

From

From his fair Face the roſy Beauties fly,
Fade in his Cheek, and languiſh in his Eye,
Yet ſtill with Love *Cythera*'s Goddeſs glows,
And laviſh Kiſſes on his Corſe beſtows;
Vain is her Love, and vain the Heavenly Kiſs,
He lies all ſenſeleſs of the balmy Bliſs.

I mourn, Adonis, *now alas! no more,*
His hapleſs Fate the plaintive Loves deplore.

Deep in his Thigh deſcends the thrilling Smart,
But deeper far in *Cytherea*'s Heart.
His much-lov'd Dogs around their Maſter yell,
Snatch'd prematurely to the Shades of Hell;
The *Dryads* melt in ſympathetic Woe,
Tears down their Cheeks in pearly Riv'lets flow,
And *Venus*, mindful of her former Loves,
With Hair diſhevell'd wanders through the Groves,

And while with naked Soal ſhe treads the Ground
Her ſilver Feet the prickly Briars wound,
Her feeble Voice along the Vallies dies,
As ſhe invokes his Shade with piercing Cries;
Wide gapes the Wound inflicted by the Boar,
His ſnowy Thigh is ting'd with purple Gore.

Venus alas! the Loves bewailing cry,
Her fading Beauties with *Adonis* die,
Now fair *Adonis* lies among the Dead,
Her Graces languiſh, and her Charms are fled,
The Hills and Woods their ſad Diſorder ſhow,
The mourning Riv'lets roll in Streams of Woe;
While in the Pangs of Death *Adonis* lay,
Their ſilent Grief the ſick'ning Flow'rs betray;
Fair *Cytherea* wails in doleful Sounds,
From Hills, from Woods the woful Dirge rebounds.

Dead is *Adonis*, rueful *Venus* cries;
Dead is *Adonis*, Echo ſad replies.
Frantic with Grief as *Cytherea* ſpy'd
The ſtreaming Gore run trickling down his Side,
She rear'd her Arms in Bitterneſs of Woe,
And from her Tongue theſe mournful Accents flow:
Ah! let thy Arms around my Body twine,
Once more, my Dear, in cloſe Embraces join;
The laſt, the ſweeteſt, living Kiſs beſtow,
Before you ſeek the gloomy Realms below;
The Kiſs ſhall treaſur'd in my Heart remain,
And bring a ſhort Oblivion of my Pain,
While torn from Me, from Pleaſure, Life and Light,
You ſeek the pitchy Manſions of the Night.
I ſeem All-pow'rful, yet implore Relief,
And Immortality augments my Grief.
Goddeſs, who rul'ſt the Regions void of Day
(For far o'er mine extends thy pow'rful Sway)

O! let *Adonis* ſafe from Harms abide,
And in *Elyſium*'s happy Fields reſide.
Worn out with Grief the Dregs of Life I drain,
And wail my much-lov'd Youth untimely ſlain;
My Love, my Joys, like airy Dreams, are fled;
I lie abandon'd in a Widow's Bed;
The Ceſtus once ſo prevalent in Love,
And all the Charms I boaſted uſeleſs prove.
How could thy Youth to chace the Boar preſume?
Ill ſuits the Hunter's Toil with Beauty's Bloom!
Thus *Venus* pour'd her unaffected Moan,
And the ſad *Loves* return'd her Groan for Groan.

Lamenting *Venus* near *Adonis* ſtood,
One pour'd a Tide of Tears, and One of Blood,
Streight riſing Flow'rs their flagrant Buds diſcloſe,
Hence ſprung *Anemone*, and hence the Roſe.

I mourn

I mourn Adonis, *now alas ! no more,*
O Venus, *ceaſe in Woods thy Huſband to deplore.*

Now fair *Adonis* ceaſes to be thine,
Stretch'd on a Couch *Adonis* lies ſupine,
Fair He appears, and charms though void of Breath,
His Beauty glows, revives, and blooms in Death.
Clad in thoſe Robes the breathleſs Charmer lay
In which with thee He lov'd the Night away.
To grace *Adonis*, flow'ry Chaplets bring,
And laviſh all the Beauties of the Spring.
For Him the Roſes ſhed their purple Pride,
For Him the Lillies hung their Heads and dy'd.
Around his Bier the ſacred Myrtle ſpread,
And fragrant Oil, and balmy Unguents ſhed;
You touch'd with Grief thoſe roſeat Balms deſpiſe,
Alas! your ſov'raign Balm *Adonis* dies.

His hapleſs Fate the *Loves* bewail, and tear
The graceful Ringlets of their waving Hair,
Lamenting Accents melt on ev'ry Tongue,
Their Shafts are blunted, and their Bows unſtrung;
One Water cool in golden Chargers brings,
One fans *Adonis* with his ſilken Wings.

While Grief, O *Venus*, bids thy Tears to flow,
The rueful *Loves* participate thy Woe;
The Nuptial Taper's fainting Lights decay,
And all the genial Garlands fade away.
Hymen no more repeats his mirthful Strains,
In mournful Notes the wretched God complains.
Behold each *Grace* o'erwhelm'd with Grief appears,
The ſad, the pious Partners of her Tears,
How fair *Adonis* dy'd they doleful tell,
And ſtrive in Grief *Dione* to excel.

On the Death of the Reverend Mr. JOHN BINGHAM, *Student of* Chriſt-Church, Oxford. *By* T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of* Peter-houſe *in* Cambridge.

Erat Homo ingenioſus, acutus, acer, qui plurimum & ſalis haberet, & fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN. Epiſt.

THough vain the tributary Tears we ſhed
For Friends in Exile, or untimely dead,
When Men, diſtinguiſh'd for their Merit, die,
The Muſes love to ſing their Elegy,
In humble Strains the mournful Theme purſue,
And give to Friendſhip rigid Virtue's Due: ——
What honeſt Nature dictates, void of Art,
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,

Free

Free from the labour'd Ornament of Verſe,
Shall pay the Tribute due to BINGHAM's Hearſe.——
Oh! could theſe Lines, illuſtrious Shade, reſtore
Life to thoſe Virtues, which are now no more,
E'en CONYBEARE would bleſs the Sacred Nine,
And own their Inſpiration was divine.
In Dawn of Life ſo ſtrong thy Merit ſhone,
Mankind could ſcarce expect a brighter Noon.
Sure *Oxford* univerſal Sorrow wears,
And *Iſis'* Stream encreaſes with her Tears!
Such was her Grief when MILTON's * Son expir'd,
A riſing Genius by the World admir'd.——
Too partial Fate will let the Fool and Knave
Drag in Contempt their Beings to the Grave;
But, like a Tyrant, labours to deſtroy
All that excel in Worth, or give us Joy,
Who ſhine like Meteors glorious in their Birth,
But ſoon in blazing Ruins ſink to Earth.

* PHILIPS.

So good MARCELLUS periſh'd in his Bloom,
The riſing Hope, and Ornament of *Rome*,
With ev'ry ſhining Quality adorn'd,
Like thee, by Men of Worth, and Virtue, mourn'd.—
What Art can reach, or Science can define
Among Philoſophers or Wits to ſhine,
Without the help of Flattery was Thine;
Youth's giddy Sons, or Age ſeverely wiſe,
From thy ſweet Converſe could inſtructed riſe;
A Genius for all Parts of Learning fit,
Bleſs'd with ſtrong Judgment, and a ready Wit;
Whoſe rare Abilities would Envy move,
Had not his ſweet Behaviour won our Love.
Firm to his Principles, to Honour juſt,
Faithful as guardian Angels to their Truſt;
He gave his Friends and Enemies their Due,
Above their Cenſure, and their Praiſes too.
Severe in Morals, honeſt without Art,
An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart;

Poſſeſs'd of little with a chearful Mind,
Enjoying Life, and yet in Death reſign'd,
The gay Tranquillity, the Heart-felt Joy,
Beyond the Pow'r of Fortune to deſtroy;
The Beſt Companion, the ſincereſt Friend,
Rever'd in Life, lamented in his End.
How few like Him in early Youth approv'd!
Admir'd by Enemies, by Friends belov'd:
Such is the Merit of an honeſt Fame,
And ſuch the Character his Virtues claim.——
Sometimes in Converſe o'er the Mid-night Bowl,
When Wine unfolds the Secrets of the Soul,
When abſent Friends our grateful Thoughts engage,
Or Beauties that adorn, and charm this Age,
Thy ſacred Image damps my riſing Mirth,
And gives to ſad Reflections hateful Birth,
Imagination paints the Pleaſure paſt;
But ſo refin'd a Bliſs could never laſt!

On ev'ry Word each Gueſt enraptur'd hung,
And bleſs'd the Genius that inſpir'd thy Tongue.
Now Women, Wine, nor Mirth have Pow'r to move,
The Friend that ſhares my Soul, or Nymph I love,
Thy dear Remembrance ſtrikes my troubl'd Mind,
And caſts all other Pleaſures far behind.
But here the penſive Muſe reſigns her Pen,
And weeps no longer o'er the beſt of Men.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII. *Tranſlated.*

SAD and forlorn near *Babylon* we lay,
Where limpid Streams in Chryſtal Mazes play,
Strong in our Minds unhappy *Sion* roſe,
And brought a freſh Remembrance of our Woes;
Our ſilent Harps on mournful Willows hung,
Mute were our Voices, and our Harps unſtrung;
The ſcornful Victors load our Limbs with Chains,
Inſult our Anguiſh, and deride our Pains;
With Taunts they cry'd, "Repeat a mirthful Air,
"Such as was ſung in *Sion*, once the fair."
Captive, abandon'd, in a foreign Land,
How can we anſwer this unjuſt Demand?
How can we praiſe the Lord in joyful Strains,
Where Sadneſs pines, and mad Confuſion reigns?
O *Salem*, ever woful! ever dear!
If I forget thee through a daſtard Fear,

Let

Let my ungrateful Hand forget to play,
And tune the Chords reſponſive to my Lay:
If I with Trouble or with Care oppreſs'd
Should blot thy lovely Image from my Breaſt,
May I forget the Melody of Song,
And laſting Silence dwell upon my Tongue.
On that dire Day when hoſtile Squadrons ſtood
Breathing Revenge, and thirſting for our Blood,
Remember, Lord, how ſwoln with envious Pride,
Enflam'd with Ire the Sons of *Edom* cry'd;
Call forth your Rage, the ſtately Walls confound,
And raze the goodly Structures to the Ground.
Devoted *Babylon!* thy lofty Wall,
The Source of all our Woes, is doom'd to fall;
That Prince ſhall Fame, eternal Fame acquire,
Who lays thy City waſte with Sword and Fire,
And deaf to Children's Cries, and Parents' Moans,
Shall daſh thy bleeding Infants on the Stones.

ıe *Seventh* O D E *of the Fourth Book of* HORACE *imitated.*

To a FRIEND.

AT length the Snows are thaw'd, the Fields reſume
Their genial Verdure, and the Myrtles bloom:
he Streams, by wint'ry Torrents ſwoln, ſubſide,
ıſs the moiſt Banks, and in their Channels glide:
he Fair, invited by approaching Spring,
ine in the *Mall*, or ſparkle in the *Ring*.
he rolling Year inſtructs you Life to ſcan,
ıd not extend your Hopes beyond your Span.
o ſooth the Winter, vernal Zephyrs blow:
ıt ſoon the Summer Suns intenſely glow;
he Summer's Heat to milder Autumn yields,
hen golden Apples glitter through the Fields;

But

But Autumn ſoon recedes, and *Boreas* brings
The lazy Winter on his hoary Wings :
The ſilver Moon her Orb collecting wanes,
And ſhines refulgent in th' Ethereal Plains.
But when of Life bereft, we touch the Shore
Where *Bingham*, *Peers*, and *Wand'ſworth* went befor
In thoſe dark Realms our brittle Clay decay'd,
Moulders to Duſt, and dwindles to a Shade.
Can human Wiſdom ſay, the Pow'rs divine
Will to this Day of Life to Morrow join ?
Then ſeize the preſent, crown the ſprightly Bowl,
Feaſt all the Senſes, and enlarge the Soul ;
The Sums conſum'd your Heir can never miſs,
Nor know at what Expence you bought your Bliſs.
When at the Bar of *Minos* you appear,
And from his Lips impartial Sentence hear,
Your ſhining Talents and illuſtrious Race
Can ne'er reſtore you to your Friends Embrace.

were th' Attempt, ſhould *Pallas* lend her Aid,
all her *Bingham* from the *Stygian* Shade;
Talbot's Friendſhip, ſince it could not ſave,
raiſe his much-lov'd *Wandſworth* from the Grave.

On the Death of the Right Honourable the Lord CASTLECOMER, 1736.

By T. GILBERT, *A. M. Fellow of* Peterhouſe *in* Cambridge.

FArewell! thou blooming Hope of *Albion*'s Iſle,
Whoſe Converſe could the Cares of Life beguile;
Enrich'd with lively Wit, with Arts adorn'd,
In the firſt Scene of Youth admir'd, and mourn'd;
Whom Heav'n repenting thought a Gift too great,
And early ſnatch'd thee to a better State,
Where Souls like thine of an exalted kind
From ev'ry mean and vulgar Thought refin'd,
Dwell in pure Regions of Immortal Joy,
Where nothing can the high-wrought Bliſs deſtroy;

Where injur'd Innocence kind Angels guard,
And ſlighted Virtue meets a ſure Reward.
Lamented Youth! what Tears of Sorrow flow,
How ev'ry penſive Boſom heaves with Woe!
While thoſe whoſe Breaſts the tuneful Nine inſpire,
Though dumb with Grief, yet touch the moving Lyre,
In melancholy Numbers void of Art
Speak the ſad Language of an aking Heart.
Since the frail Siſters cut Thy ſlender Thread,
And You are rank'd among th' Illuſtrious Dead,
Now ev'ry Coxcomb's fond Ambition ends,
Whom Vanity, or Fortune made your Friends;
When the mean Tribe of Slaves no longer wait,
To croud like Paraſites your Palace Gate,
The ſacred Muſe to Friendſhip ever dear,
O'er thy cold Aſhes ſheds a grateful Tear;
'Tis Her's to pay the laſt ſad Tribute due
To celebrated Worth, in Friends like You,

In humble Strains to make their Merit known,
Or mark their Virtues on the ſculptur'd Stone——
Wand'ſworth farewell! in whom kind Nature join'd
Whatever could inſtruct or charm the Mind;
With Learning Candour, Modeſty with Truth,
The Sage's Wiſdom with the Fire of Youth,
Whoſe Affability and winning Air
Could entertain a Friend, or pleaſe the Fair;
Who made ſtern Honour all his Actions guide;
Though nobly born, without one Spark of Pride;
Whoſe Glory on its own Foundation ſtood,
And claim'd no Merit from Deſcent of Blood——
When the gay Scene of fleeting Life is o'er,
And the World's Vanities delight no more,
The parting Soul reflecting on thy Death
Shall yield with greater Joy her lateſt Breath;
Without one Struggle bid the World adieu,
And wing her Flight to Happineſs and You.

On the Widow BRADGATE *of the* Three Tuns *in* Oxford, 1734.

By a FRIEND.

LET ſighing Poets in a Love-ſick Strain
By purling Streams of cruel Nymphs complain,
Or elſe the tuneful Nine's Aſſiſtance boaſt
In labour'd Verſe to celebrate a Toaſt;
Majeſtic *Bradgate*'s Charms my Lays inſpire,
And ev'ry Thought with glowing Raptures fire.
Let other Nymphs with Artifice prepare
To make each careleſs Lock contain a Snare,
Conſult the Glaſs their Features to improve,
And ſtrike each ſelf-enamour'd Fop with Love;
While the gay Widow with a graceful Air
Excels in native Charms the brighteſt Fair,

Commands detracting Crowds to own her Pow'r,
Strikes Envy dumb, and makes the World adore.
Mankind muſt envy thee, illuſtrious Shade,
Whoſe Merit could deſerve ſo fair a Maid:
Extremes of Happineſs can never laſt;
Soon was the tranſitory Pleaſure paſt;
And when you had enjoy'd your beauteous Bride,
Confeſs'd the Tranſport was too great, and dy'd.
But ſtill the Pledges of their Love remain,
Whoſe Charms their Mother's Empire will maintain;
Though lovely Children her chaſte Raptures bleſs,
No pregnant Pangs could make her Beauty leſs.
As *Cybele*, the Parent of the Gods,
Whoſe radiant Offspring fills the bright Abodes,
In ſpite of Time her youthful Charms can boaſt,
Fair as the Faireſt of the Heav'nly Hoſt;
So *Bradgate* (mark but this prophetic Truth)
Shall ſhine for ever in the Bloom of Youth.

The TOAST.

By the ſame.

LET Infidels be huſh'd; fill high my Glaſs;
Fair *Daſhwood* proves an Atheiſt is an Aſs;
None but a Deity ſuch Art could boaſt,
To form ſo gay, ſo beautiful a Toaſt.

On LUCINDA.

WHEN gay *Lucinda* claſps me in her Arms,
And wantonly diſplays her blooming Charms;
What Colours can deſcribe the charming Fair,
Her Virgin Zone unloos'd, her Boſom bare;
Her Heart beats quick, her Eyes bear wanton Fire,
And every Atom glows with fierce Deſire:
Stern Honour, Guardian of the tender Sex,
O'ercome by Nature, his frail Charge neglects;
To Love's ſoft Paſſion the kind Fair reſigns,
Whoſe roving Appetite no Law confines;
Wing'd with Delight the happy Moments flew,
Joys, circling Joys, in Pleaſure ever new;
In Tranſports loſt our panting Boſoms glow,
And blended Souls in liquid Rapture flow.

The PATRIOT.

By the ſame.

CURSE on that ſordid Miſer's Luſt of Gold,
By whom his Country's Intereſt is ſold,
Auletes cries; and with a Patriot's Voice
Declares, "Or Liberty or Death's my Choice."
But when *N*———*e* whiſpers in his Ear,
Your Vote ſhall gain Two Thouſand Pounds a Year;
With an obſequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
And wonders how he could miſtake the Caſe.

The Rape of EUROPA. *Tranſlated from* MOSCHUS, *beginning at*

Ὡς εἰπῶσ' ἀνόρουσε, φίλας δ' ἐπιδίξεθ' ἑταίρας.

THEN from her downy Bed *Europa* roſe,
Her lov'd, coeval, Fellow-Nymphs ſhe choſe,
With whom ſhe bath'd where pure *Anaurus* glides,
Or led the Dances on his verdant Sides,
Or cropp'd the Roſes from the painted Field,
Or ſtole the Scent which flagrant Lillies yield.
Th' obſequious Nymphs obey their Queen's Command,
Each takes an ample Baſket in her Hand;
Then to the well-known Mead they bend their Way,
The Mead that bord'ring on the Ocean lay,
Where roſeat Objects entertain the Sight,
And murm'ring Streams create a freſh Delight.

Europa

Europa bore a Baſket form'd of Gold,
The Work of *Vulcan*, goodly to behold,
To *Lybia* giv'n when ſhe reſign'd her Charms
To bleſs with Love the wat'ry Monarch's Arms;
But *Lybia* gave the Workmanſhip divine
To *Telepheſſa* of her Kindred Line,
Then on *Europa Telepheſs'* beſtow'd
The rich, the artful Labours of the God:
Inachian Io breath'd in Gold refin'd,
A Heifer yet bereft of human Mind,
Of Reaſon void ſhe croſs'd the liquid Plain;
In Azure flow'd the well-diſſembl'd Main;
Two Men upon the Ocean's Margin ſtood,
And ſaw the Heifer ſtem the briny Flood;
Then on the Cow his Hand *Saturnius* laid,
And near the *Nile* transform'd her to a Maid;
The Streams of *Nile* in ductile Silver roll'd,
Braſs was the Beave, the God-head ſhone in Gold.

Juſt

Juſt on the labour'd Verge *Cyllenius* lies,
And *Argus* wakeful with an hundred Eyes,
From whoſe warm Gore a Bird exulting ſprings,
And proudly waves its party-colour'd Wings;
The new-born Fowl diſplays its various Tail,
Whoſe Plumes expanded like a wavy Sail;
The Baſket's golden Brim it cover'd o'er,
Which to the Meadow fair *Europa* bore.

Soon as they reach'd the Mead and flow'ry Bed,
They choſe, they gather'd as their Fancies led,
This *Hyacinth*, that cropp'd the *Vi'let* blue,
A third *Narciſſus* of a paler Hue;
The new-pluck'd Flow'rets ſhed their Leaves around,
And vernal Beauties thick o'erſpread the Ground;
Some rob the *Crocus* of its fragrant Smell,
In the ſweet Toil each lab'ring to excel.

But in the midſt the fair *Europa* ſtands,
And culls the *Roſes* with her ſnowy Hands:
Than all her Nymphs ſhe boaſts a nobler Mien;
(As o'er the *Graces* ſhines the *Paphian* Queen)
Not long to wanton on the flow'ry Plain,
Nor long of Love unconſcious to remain;
As Thund'ring *Jove* beheld the blooming Dame,
He glow'd, He languiſh'd with a pleaſing Flame,
Fair *Venus* can his Terrors all remove,
He melts, He ſoftens, and He yields to Love.
From *Juno*'s jealous Rage Himſelf He veil'd,
And in a Bull the latent God conceal'd;
Not ſuch a Bull as harrows up the Plains,
Or on his Neck the galling Yoke ſuſtains,
Not ſuch as feeds among the ſervile Throng,
Or lab'ring draws the lazy Wain along;
His Body yellow, in his Front aroſe
A ſilver Circle white as falling Snows;

His azure Eye-balls languiſhingly bright
Sparkl'd with Love, and glow'd with ſoft Delight.
Two poliſh'd Antlers from his Front extend,
Like *Cynthia*'s Horns in Symmetry they bend.
The Mead He enter'd; then the Nymphs drew near,
And ſtroak'd the gentle Beaſt devoid of Fear.
Juſt at the chaſte *Europa*'s Feet He ſtaid,
And full of Tranſport kiſs'd the lovely Maid;
She wipes the Froth as from his Mouth it flows,
And harmleſs Kiſſes on the Bull beſtows,
Melodious Lowings antedate his Joys,
Soft as the *Phrygian* Pipe's harmonious Noiſe.
Bending at fair *Europa*'s Feet He bow'd,
And on the Nymph retorted Glances throw'd,
The ſtooping Beaſt his ample Back diſplay'd;
Thus to her fair-hair'd Nymphs *Europa* ſaid:
My fav'rite Virgins, to my Words attend;
Approach, approach, this gentle Bull aſcend,

In ſportive Pomp he'll bear us o'er the Plain,
For his broad Back will ev'ry Nymph contain.
Unlike the reſt, He's beauteous, ſoft and kind,
His Looks, His Actions ſpeak a human Mind;
Nature in him has Speech alone ſuppreſs'd,
Thus ſpake the Nymph——— then ſmiling mounts the (Beaſt.

Streight ſwift as Light'ning ſpringing to the Shore,
The blooming Virgin, Heav'nly Prize! He bore;
With out-ſtretch'd Arms ſhe call'd her menial Train,
She turn'd, ſhe look'd, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe wiſh'd, in vain;
Fearleſs He plung'd amid the wat'ry Way,
And like a Dolphin ſhot along the Sea.
Emerging Nymphs the parting Waves divide,
On monſtrous Whales the blue-ey'd *Nereids* ride,
Neptune Himſelf compos'd the angry Main,
And led his Brother o'er the liquid Plain,

Gath'ring around the Sea-born *Tritons* throng,
And their ſhrill Trumps reſound the Nuptial Song.
Fix'd on the Bull *Europa* firm remain'd,
One Hand her Veſt, and one her ſelf ſuſtain'd,
Her floating Garment wanton'd in the Air,
And, dancing like a Sail, upheld the trembling Fair.
But ſhe whom Fates averſe had doom'd to roam
Far from her Country, Friends, and pleaſing Home,
(Now when no hoſpitable Shore appear'd,
No lofty Mountain's airy Summit rear'd,
Above, the Heav'ns their azure Brightneſs ſhow,
The wide-extended Ocean foam'd below)
Gaz'd all around deſpairing of Relief,
And in theſe doleful Accents vents her Grief:
How can'ſt thou journey o'er the briny Plain,
Nor dread the various Perils of the Main?
Ships o'er the parting Ocean ſafely ride,
But tim'rous Bulls abhor the foamy Tide;

To ſlake thy Thirſt no chryſtal Fountains riſe,
The liquid Wild ſubſtantial Food denies.
Art thou a God, in Heav'n who hold'ſt thy Reign?
If ſo, to act beneath a God diſdain.
The ſolid Earth no Sea-born Dolphins ſweep,
No Oxen ſail along the hoary Deep;
Secure on Earth, ſecure you ſtem the Tide,
Your Hoofs like Oars the yielding Waves divide;
Soon like a Bird you'll tow'r, and ſoar on high,
Amid the azure Regions of the Sky.
Unhappy me! who by this Bull am led,
Unhappy me! who from my Country fled,
Now unaccuſtom'd o'er the wat'ry Way,
Hopeleſs, forlorn, diſconſolate I ſtray.
Neptune aſſiſt, your Empire you retain
Deep in the chryſtal Caverns of the Main,
Sure not without the Guidance of a God
I ride in Safety o'er the liquid Road.

In theſe Complaints the trembling Virgin mourn'd;
The fair-horn'd Bull an Anſwer thus return'd:
Reſtrain your Grief, your drooping Spirits chear,
Deſiſt, fair Nymph, the briny Surge to fear;
Know I am *Jove*, I fought thee in the Field,
(For Gods can all things) in a Bull conceal'd;
Smit with thy Charms theſe Regions I explore,
And croſs the Seas unknown to Bulls before.
Thee to the *Cretan* Shore ſecure I'll bear,
Where *Amalthæa* nurs'd my Youth with Care,
From thee a noble Offspring ſhall deſcend,
Whoſe wide Dominion with the World ſhall end.

Thus ſpake the God, and what He ſpake was true,
That Inſtant *Crete* aroſe upon the View;
Then Thund'ring *Jove* reſum'd his Form divine,
And all around celeſtial Glories ſhine;

Th' impatient God the Virgin's Zone diſclos'd,
The winged Hours the genial Bed compos'd,
Proud of her Conqueſt ſhe reſign'd her Charms,
And roſe a teeming Mother from his Arms.

A Tranſlation from the Latin ODE *of the Third Chapter of* HABBAKUK.

By a FRIEND.

THE Great CREATOR arm'd with Wrath divi
Forſaking *Teman*, and the lofty *Paran*,
With Majeſty refulgent fill'd the World,
And all the wide Expanſe of chryſtal Sky.

Death flies before in various Shapes of Ills,
The Plague and every terrible Diſeaſe
Attend the Deity in dreadful Pomp,
While Flames deſtructive burn beneath his Feet.

The Light'ning darted through the vaulted Globe
Caſts a dread Terror o'er the trembling World,
Vaſt Hills ſubſide, and Mountains ſhun His Wrath.

Theſe Eyes beheld the Sun-burnt *Æthiops*
Struck with uncommon Fear, and *Midia*
Trembling amidſt the rough-hoarſe-ſounding Noiſe.

The Surges in ſwift Torrents backward roll'd,
Affrighted *Jordan* to His Bed retir'd,
While God in Triumph rode upon the Waves.

The Hills and Rivers ſaw Thy Face, and fled,
And the loud Seas with Thy Great Preſence aw'd,
Groan'd in hoarſe Murmurs from their inmoſt Caves.

Each Pole's invelop'd in the Gloom of Night
At Thy Command; the Radiant God of Day
Starting confounded, ſtops His fiery Steeds;
And the pale lambent Moon neglects to guide
Her Chariot, wand'ring through the Shades of Night.

The Nations felt what the offended God
Of *Jacob* cou'd perform; He ſhook his Spear,
While Arrows, pregnant with Deſtruction, flew
Through the vaſt Void, ſure Miniſters of Fate.

The loud hoarſe Thunder menacing of Death
Pierces their Ears, their Tongues forget to ſpeak,

And

And daſtard Fear runs thrilling thro' each Vein.
Tho' Earth ſhou'd mock the careful Ploughman's Toil,
And Nature periſh in one common Wreck,
My Muſe ſhall ever ſing JEHOVAH's Name,
Sole Lord of all, of Heaven and Earth Supreme.

FINIS.